



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 7

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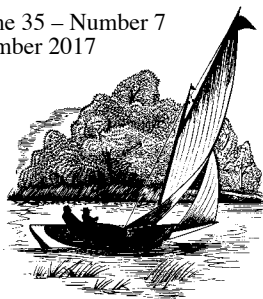
**Special Features This Issue**  
The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886  
A Summertime of Paddling and Projects  
Messing About Wales in a Canal Boat  
Why Did the *Hunley* Disappear?  
Colonial Shipbuilding on the Delaware River  
A Canoeing Reminiscence



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Lifeboats took center stage in this issue as I kinda went over the top with my review of John Stilgoe's book of that name, and backed it up with Keith Muscott's first installment from the Summer 2017 issue of *Din-ghy Cruising* about the 1886 *Mexico* disaster, "generally viewed as the worst lifeboat tragedy ever because of the number of fatalities." For all the details go to pages 5-10.

While there is a distinction between the purpose, and thus design details, of the English Board of Trade lifeboats carried on ocean going vessels, which are the subject of John Stilgoe's book, and the shore-based lifeboats of England's Royal National Lifeboat Institute that were involved in the 1886 alongshore disaster, the basic design concept was that of a boat that could survive almost anything the sea could throw at it if skillfully handled. This reputation for safety at sea encouraged impecunious would-be yachtsmen of post-WWII England to scoop up surplus lifeboats and convert them into recreational craft that would provide that sense of security the lifeboat's reputation promised it would deliver.

As I was enjoying learning so much about these lifeboats in action in Stilgoe's book, my attention was caught up by one aspect of the frantic, desperate moments when a large ship founders and the passengers and crew must take to the tiny lifeboats if they are to survive. Stilgoe calls this the "waterborne moment" when those passengers on large "ocean liners" lucky enough to even get into a lifeboat are suddenly faced with elemental survival. In the span of but a few moments of often chaotic struggle they find themselves cast from the comfortably reassuring spacious interior of a big vessel that reminds them of the safety and security of a luxury hotel ashore into the often raging seas into tiny open boats that seat 26-36 or so persons side by side as if in a bus ashore. It is sort of the reverse of awakening from a nightmare to great relief, instead being tossed into a nightmare that quickly becomes all too real and frightening.

Everyday accidents and occasional disasters happen on land, on the sea and in the air. As a land-based animal I feel more comfortable indulging in any sort of activity that might have an element of "risking my life" on the solid earth, knowing that I'll end up on the ground come what may, and not be struggling to stay afloat in water well over my head or having no hope at all when finding myself falling through the air inside a large "container" full of others. I still have some vivid memories in full living color of some moments when

control of my life was taken out of my hands by sudden unexpected circumstances.

At age 19 I found myself sliding along on my belly (I was wearing protective racing leathers) on a dirt racetrack at maybe 50mph after losing control of my motorcycle in an early half-mile dirt track race. Right behind me at the time were several oncoming competitors and all I could think of was that I hadda get outa there before I got run over. In a classic example of how time slows down when the adrenalin rush comes on, I coolly determined to thrust my arms ahead of me to bring my slide to a stop so I could crawl off the track. Wrong move, this turned my slide into a rolling tumble, but eventually I stopped and crawled to the side of the track, all before anyone behind me had overtaken me. At no time had anything resembling panic welled up in me, I was on familiar solid ground (it wasn't the first spill) and I came through unscathed, aches and pains for a few days afterwards.

As I am not a good swimmer I have always had that lurking concern about going overboard from whatever small boat I was in. The pfd I always wear would provide necessary flotation while I contemplated what to do about it, but I was afraid that being thrust out of my element would bring on panic. So once at age 54 when my kayak tipped over when it got sideways to a short steep wave while padding with friends on Cape Cod, I did that same thrusting out of my arms to stop my falling out of the cockpit. Wrong move, this turned the tipover into a sort of shallow dive as my pfd kept me from going deeper. Panic had ensued as I was in unfamiliar deep water (it was the first unanticipated tipover). My companions rushed to my aid and decided to make this into a practice rescue. They succeeded.

I have experienced no such moments in the air. Other than flying in commercial airliners insulated from outside at 30,000', where all that empty space below (like all that deep ocean water) does not grab my unfortunate acrophobia, my only flying was in small planes at age 18 in a brief fling at learning to fly. Never got past student license, the unreasoning fear of heights brought on too much panic.

So today I paddle my kayak on flatwater rivers locally with reassuring solid ground nearby. I still motorcycle (on quiet meandering back roads) with the reassuring confidence of now 70 years on two wheels on solid ground. In the air? I'd love to fly one of the motorized hang gliders at a local private club airfield used by them, but I know what would happen when I got about 50' up and looked down at that solid ground too far below me.

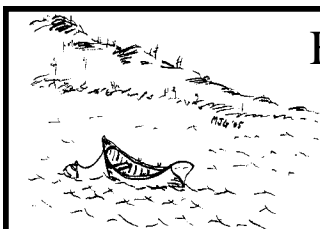
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## On the Cover...

In late August Hurricane Harvey came ashore on the Texas coast right through Rockport, where regular contributor Michael Beebe lives and this issue's cover shows what happened to his backyard boatyard. Mike reports that the damage was not as bad as it looks, he tells us more about Harvey's impact on the lives of Rockporters on page 17.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

Will this be the last time I get to wet *Moonwind's* anchor? It has come to selling my beloved boat in order to pay our bills, as our Colonial Cape in Mystic hasn't sold. We are both unemployed and eking but a precarious existence from our respective crafts.

So here I swing on a cool November morning between Old Lyme and Old Saybrook up the mouth of the Connecticut. I took a photo of the full moonrise last night and a photo of this pink, striated sunrise; took the Whitehall for a row about the marshes a couple of miles; and now enjoy some French roast and my notebook here in my cabin.

Were I to indulge my fantasies, my dreams, I should ever thus rise to a dreamy dawn with none but birds to embrace me. You hear the poet in me, so long submerged, surface to express my inmost yearnings.

And you, my friend, what are your inmost yearnings? Does your spirit crave love, or expression, or immortality? Are you satisfied with, or resigned to seventy summers? How many, how few remain? Will your ultimate sun go down in the sea with a stirring display of color, or will some grim mist glide up and over your soul?

Do not expend a moment in contemplating your grace or lack thereof. Exult! Create! Share! Shout your amazement of this world! Though you be bound by a wheelchair forever, pick up a plume and share your spirit; pick up a brush and portray the force of life; pick up your flute and cause the world to cry.

The marshes behind Great Island spread stilly this morning. I wiped the dew from the Whitehall's thwart, greased my leathers, and shoved off into the nearly bird-deprived dawn. The estuary behind Great Island lay a hundred scant yards abeam. I made the turn into the broad stream lined with tall phragmites. I saw one osprey during the course of an hour. Few little birds were abroad, it was eerily quiet. No fish jumped, no boats went by, no revelation leapt from the whispering reeds. I explored some narrow cul-de-sacs, poling with one oar. I straggled amid the yellow grass; I stretched to embrace the sky. I glided upon the ebb tide to return.

*Moonwind* awaited me patiently, as always. She understands my moods, and seldom objects to my forays and divagations. I made a pot of oatmeal and put some raisins into it. I made a second cup of coffee and scribbled in this journal. I stowed as much as I could in my quarter berth and washed my dishes.

Being but twenty miles from home, *Moonwind's* home I should say, there was no need to look at a chart or plot a course or confer with Uncle Aeolus. I started my motor, hoisted my main, and unemployed my anchor. I headed into the wind and hoisted my jib. The six-knot breeze and the running tide took me back out to sea. I patted the Jetty Lighthouse a fond farewell and set a course for old number eight, that tall red bell that lies beyond Long Sand Shoals. Once around that it's sixteen miles due east to downtown Noank and the wind was out of the west and the tide would abet me another couple of hours.

I had but to twiddle the helm and muse on mortality. We are sentient beings, you and I, with receptors designed to fulfill our every desire. We are generative, in the physical sense; we must attempt to prove our spiritual genius. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," mouth the Lord's many ministers. Lo! We are all of us ministers after our fashion, and the dust we become shall nurture those plants that sustain some future spirit; and the ash we become shall cradle another ember to warm this world.

My genoa slatted and I needed to pay attention lest I jibe. I scuttled forward and set my preventer. I headed up a few degrees and sheeted my genoa snugly. I revived myself with water and a mealy apple. I wandered half way out to the Race where the tide and current were having an altercation, but left them to it, and jibed and headed back toward the mouth of the Thames. Off Pine Island I reset my preventer and wung out my rags. I traipsed my last few miles wreathed in beauty.

The melted sun had drooped halfway to the sea when I fetched West Cove. I dropped my mainsail into her lazy jacks, unhanked my jib, and kicked my basking fenders over the side. I pulled the Whitehall alongside and told her she'd been a good girl. I pattered around the end of Pier 'D' and whispered into my slip, "Life should be this easy."

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman  
Author & Illustrator - (860) 912-5886

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<http://www.constantwaterman.com>



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# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Steamboats at Sunrise

Steamboats at sunrise on Raquette Lake with the Marion River entrance in the background. Lake water was warm in August but morning air temps often dipped into the 40s creating this lake fog. One boat already has fire lit and a trail of light smoke can be seen over the boiler's stack. The other launch awaits the engineer's arrival so it too can become ready to answer bells. This lake is also popular with canoe and kayakers as it is part of a longer paddle route from Raquette Lake to Utowana, Eagle and Blue Mountain Lakes with only one short carry to be made. The museum at Blue Mountain Lake is really great.

Kent Lacey, Old Saybrook CT

### A Power of Old Rushtons

Been doing a power of old Rushtons, here's 480 years' worth of them at once.

Mason Smith, Long Lake, NY



### I Do Get Out

Lovely "Commentary" on your Tall Ships excursion in the August issue. I share your going into Boston reluctance with my own nearby colossus, New York City.

My sailing is limited to our 10' Trinka and I'm lucky if I get out at all. I seem to have forgotten how to back up a trailer, I need help dropping the mast and taking it out of the boat. My 90-year-old muscles involved in tacking out of the harbor complain a lot but I do get out and it is still fun.

Harold Wolfson, Larchmont, NY

### I Won't Give Up

We have moved into a modern "Old Folks Home" due to health issues, leaving behind a house to be sold with my large shop and several generations of tools. But I won't give up yet. My second generation Windsurfer has shrunk over several redesigns but might ultimately have some features useful to other readers who have had to downsize. It may now have to be equipped with a chain saw, peevee hook, come along and ladder to climb slippery bankings of local ditches passing for rivers.

Jim Wonnell, Saline, MI

## This Magazine...

### Always a Pleasure

It always is a pleasure to receive *MAIB*, usually other things get set aside when it arrives. Best wishes.

Walter Giger, Wethersfield, CT

### And From More Loyal Readers

We look forward to receiving and reading *MAIB* every month. We love the stories, the photos and especially the Classifieds. We enjoy your "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" series and the British DCA sailing reprints. Keep up this good work.

Your loyal readers...

Rona & Lee Trachtenberg, Fairhaven, MA

## Poet's Corner...

We had been out all night.  
I had the watch, one to four  
With all the rest sleeping below,  
Going down, broad reach,  
From Block Island south.  
The stars overhead mirrored  
In the phosphorus wake.  
An easy riding swell hid  
And revealed the lights  
Of fellow travelers,  
Freighters heading for the shipping  
Lanes of New York harbor.

We tried to time it for daylight hours,  
But wind and tides didn't always cooperate.  
I would watch for color match  
Of red and green. Collision colors.  
Steering a course by binnacle  
And wheel made my tired mind  
A blur until I spun round  
To stretch, refocus.  
Coffee cold in the cup.

The constellations overhead had moved  
Through the sky, crossing in the rigging. The  
mast drew circles in the firmament.  
Dawn crept across the swells  
Catching wavelets with pinks  
As the wind died momentarily,  
Welcoming the sun.  
Atlantic City was our destination.  
Cape May just a little too far, this time.

### Barnegat Bay

Recalling coming north a few years ago,  
I relinquished the helm and went below.  
I remembered looking for Barnegat light,  
Made it a museum ashore.  
Some navigational aid.

Fog rolled in. Seas started to rise  
And swell. Fog thickened.  
The harbor approach seemed ominous  
With the yet unseen, long rock jetties.  
I looked out at it all  
From the forward hatch  
And then, rolled onto my bunk,  
Not my watch.

I raised four kids,  
Buried one wife,  
Married another,  
Nine grandchildren,  
Nine more by marriage.  
My daughter calls,  
Anguish in her voice,  
A desperately sick child.  
My heart opens. I listen:  
Wanting to take the burden,  
Wanting to fix it all,  
Knowing I can't.  
Not my watch,  
I say to myself,  
Not my watch.





## What the Publisher says...

The fire extinguisher; the airline safety card; the lifeboat. Until September 11, 2001, most Americans paid homage to these appurtenances of disaster with a sidelong glance, if at all. But John Stilgoe has been thinking about lifeboats ever since he listened with his father as the kitchen radio announced that the liner *Lakonia* had caught fire and sunk in the Atlantic. It was Christmas, 1963, and airline travel and Cold War paranoia had made the images of an ocean liner's distress, the air force dropping supplies in the dark, a freighter collecting survivors from lifeboats, seem like echoes of a bygone era.

But Stilgoe, already a passionate reader and an aficionado of small boat navigation, began to delve into accounts of other disasters at sea. What he found was a trunkful of hair-raising stories of shipwreck, salvation, seamanship brilliant and inept, noble sacrifice, insanity cannibalism, courage and cravenness, even scandal. In nonfiction accounts and in the works of Conrad, Melville, and Tomlinson, fear and survival animate and degrade human nature, in the microcosm of an open boat as in society at large.

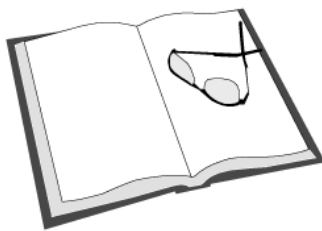
How lifeboats are made, rigged, and captained, Stilgoe discovered, and how accounts of their use or misuse are put down, says much about the culture and circumstances from which they are launched. In the hands of a skillful historian such as Stilgoe, the lifeboat becomes a symbol of human optimism, of engineering ingenuity, of bureaucratic regulation, of fear and frailty. Woven through *Lifeboat* are good old-fashioned yarns, thrilling tales of adventure that will quicken the pulse of readers who have enjoyed the novels of Patrick O'Brian, *Crabwalk* by Günter Grass or works of non-fiction such as *The Perfect Storm* and *In the Heart of the Sea*. But Stilgoe, whose other works have plumbed suburban culture, locomotives, and the shore, is ultimately after bigger fish. Through the humble, much-ignored lifeboat, its design and navigation and the stories of its ultimate purpose, he has found a peculiar lens on roughly the past two centuries of human history, particularly the war-tossed, technology-driven history of man and the sea.

(John R. Stilgoe, Robert and Lois Orchard Professor in the History of Landscape at Harvard University, is the author of numerous books, including *Borderland*, *Metropolitan Corridor*, and most recently, *Outside Lies Magic and Alongshore*. He lives on the coast of Massachusetts, where he sails a ship's lifeboat from Newfoundland, built in 1935).

## What the Reviewer says...

First of all you should understand that I was predisposed to like this book. The author has been a long time subscriber to *MAIB* who has offered ongoing encouragement for our efforts. Further I have read several of his books on the effect that humans have had on the natural "landscape" in which we have come to dwell. I was fully expecting another great read and was not disappointed.

The publisher's comments dwell on the "good old-fashioned yarns, thrilling tales of adventure that will quicken the pulse of readers..." and they are there aplenty. The author's examples of ship disasters range far and wide. Given this emphasis I want to mention two other aspects of this history of lifeboats that caught my attention outside of the human dramas.



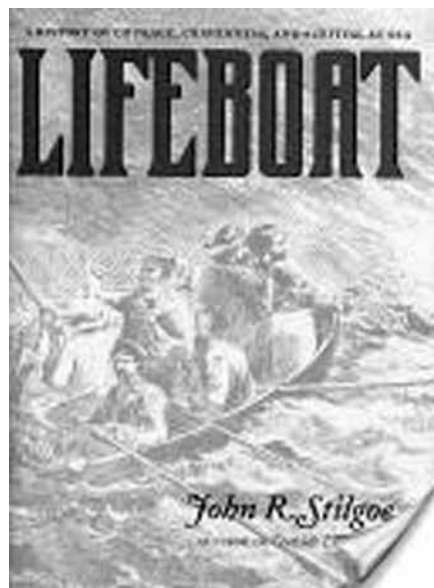
## Book Review

### Lifeboat

#### *A History of Courage, Cravenness and Survival at Sea*

By John R. Stilgoe  
University of Virginia Press 2003  
ISBN 0-8139-2221-6 Hardcover

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



The "waterborne moment" when the lifeboat at last (often after much hassle) gets afloat with its passengers alongside the sinking ship is a defining one when the passengers and crewmen have to part company with the apparent safety and security of the large vessel (floating hotels in the case of the large passenger liners) and clamber aboard tiny open boats that appear to offer scant chance of survival on the open ocean. The author introduces this topic thusly:

"In the 1950s researchers discovered patterns of traumatized mind-set among seamen and passengers in waterborne lifeboats and determined that mental stress sometimes resulted from the experience of lowering the boat and the waterborne moment, rather than from the lifeboat passage itself. Fear of deserting a great ship became fear of what the great ship might do as it sank.

To the researchers, the shifting fears were as relevant as hypothermia and seasickness to an understanding of lifeboat survival. 'When his ship goes down, a man's whole universe goes with it,' asserted survival expert Alain Bombard in 1953. 'Even if he reaches a lifeboat, he is not necessarily safe.' Certainly the lifeboat may be crushed

against the hull of the derelict or capsized by waves bouncing from it; but until the castaway shifts his loyalty from the sunken ship to the lifeboat, he risks being consumed by terror or despair. 'He sits, slumped, contemplating his misery and can hardly be said to be alive.'

The complex mentality of men and women still in touch with a deck affects their attitudes. Rationally, many crewmen and passengers abandoning ship knew that the ship towering above their lifeboat might not sink after all, that it might become derelict and remain derelict for days. Less than rationally, lifeboat castaways hoped that the damaged ship would remain afloat, and feared that casting off falls and painter meant severing connections with possible safety."

The second feature that I felt strongly attracted to was the description of the British Board of Trade Lifeboat, about which the whole book pretty much revolves. Here is the author's initial introduction to this boat:

"From Frank West's *Lifeboat Number Seven*: 'The lifeboat was one of the standard Board of Trade type, clinker built and with a hull form similar to a whaler-pointed at both ends,' West wrote of his microcosm-to-be. 'She was twenty-eight feet long, with a ten-foot beam and depth of three feet nine inches.' Copper buoyancy tanks ran along each side, covered by longitudinal thwarts, and at the same height ran four cross thwarts from which seated men could row. A small forepeak and stern locker held supplies and drinking water, beneath the cross thwarts bread lockers contained food, and in the foremost cross thwart stood the twentyfoot-long mast that carried a lugsail. In two paragraphs West sketched the sort of boat that *Titanic* and *Lusitania* and *Empress of Ireland* launched decades earlier, that Drew took into the Dunkirk shallows, that Morrill wished for during squalls, that tens of thousands of steamship passengers had glanced at during boring lifeboat drills since the 1890s. Sometimes smaller, sometimes larger, by 1940 occasionally built of steel rather than wood, the Board of Trade lifeboat existed around the world as an artifact of experience and regulation.

Anywhere *Britannia* made port in Europe and the Americas during the peaceful years before 1939, alongshore fishermen and other mariners might glance at the lifeboats ranked along its sides and see not Anchor Line adherence to Board of Trade regulations but small-craft cousins to traditional local boats used by tradition-minded local fishermen. In many parts of western Europe and around the British Isles, even landsmen glancing from the rows of canvas-covered lifeboats to the small fishing boats bobbing elsewhere in the harbor might make the connection.

During the depression, when many devotees of vanishing sailing ships began looking at sailing ship-era details, both seamen and landsmen found traditional small fishing boats described in books like R. Thurston Hopkins's 1931 *Small Sailing Craft*. Products of a deepening interest in artifacts that still reflected skills and attitudes that seemed to be disappearing from the high seas along with full-rigged sailing ships, such books emphasized the pointed stern and lugsail rig of so many seaworthy small craft sailed by highly competent men. The lifeboats slung in davits aboard *Britannia* resembled traditional, very small fishing boats intended to work far at sea and arrive home safely laden with fish, and they reflected, too, older atti-

tudes toward seafaring, especially seafaring in heavy weather.

But they did not speak, at least to experienced seamen, of whaling and whaleboats. Despite naval use of the term whaleboat, and even though nineteenth-century whaling boats are double-ended, the Board of Trade lifeboat owed almost nothing to the narrow, lightly built, extremely fast boats whaling ships carried for almost a century. The whaleboat existed to carry a harpooner and four or five rowers, harpoons, and tubs of coiled line alongside a swimming whale. No one intended a whaleboat to transport heavy cargo any more than anyone expected it to stay afloat in storms or make long passages. Despite detailed descriptions of whaleboats in all sorts of nineteenth century books, however, steamship passengers and other landsmen unthinkingly considered the double-ended whaleboat to be the prototype of the double-ended ship's lifeboat secured in chocks and davits aboard steamships. In reality, the prototypes of Board of Trade lifeboats were both far more traditional and far more modern small craft.

Perhaps the most traditional of all British small fishing boats, the sixareen of the Shetland Islands descends from Norse vessels traceable to at least A.D. 300. Hundreds of years later, the larger double-ended, lapstrake Viking boat that evolved from the smaller types terrified anyone outside of what is now Scandinavia, for it signaled the arrival of raiders in craft capable of landing where no harbors existed. Simply built, its planks or strakes overlapping each other lengthwise in a way that improves watertight integrity, adds strength, and traps enough air as the boat moves for the hull to ride on a partial cushion of bubbles, the Viking longboat ranged far under oars and sail. It roamed at will around the whole of the British Isles."

The book's "Conclusion" is the author's short tale of how he acquired two specimens of this boat and so far has restored one for pleasure sailing/rowing on the Massachusetts South Shore near where he lives. Read on and enjoy. You will find that he is one of us.

## Conclusion

On the horizon, the orange hyphen in the blue begins to foreshorten. I watch it, my sunglassed eyes narrowed against the blinding sun. The orange hyphen vanishes suddenly, blocked by the big rudder head jutting up over the stern of the lifeboat.

It is a hot day in Massachusetts Bay just east of Boston Harbor, and a rare one. Windless. The lifeboat is becalmed, its lug-sail lowered and stowed on its yard, the tiller lashed amidships, the twelve-foot-long ash oars pulling slowly but regularly. The old wisdom, at least along the south coast of Massachusetts, holds that a man produces a quarter horsepower when rowing. I sit, pull on the oar with both hands, and think. Does the old wisdom mean a man rowing an ordinary pulling boat, one oar in each hand? Does it mean that together, my wife, Debra, and I produce a half horsepower? The lifeboat moves steadily but excruciatingly slowly across the glassy sea. It is exactly low tide. In ten, perhaps fifteen minutes, the incoming tide will produce a current that will help us along. Debra, hidden behind sunglasses herself, glances over her shoulder now and again at Boston Harbor light, judging our progress. I close my eyes and pull.

Since Debra saw the first lifeboat delivered on a trailer truck and unloaded between our henhouse and vegetable garden, she has wondered about the deeper significances of lifeboat passage making. That lifeboat, all twenty-six feet of it, now sits in the barn cellar, minus its cabin and other accoutrements installed in a mid-1950s conversion. Stripped of its plywood elements, it proved in need of years of part-time repair that I might or might not find in retirement.

The next lifeboat, slightly smaller, arrived on a slightly smaller truck. It needed work, a whole strake removed years earlier in an abortive repair had never been replaced, one gunwale needed replacing, two thwarts lay broken, many strakes needed refastening, and the keel bolts had to be replaced in a job as filthy and exhausting as John Lewis described in *Small Boat Conversion*, but the work progressed month after month, even on winter weekends.

Debra started lifting weights when we found the first pair of antique oars. Every other evening, the barbell and dumbbells went up and down. At another antique shop we found another pair of oars, and our teenage twin sons began muttering mutinously. A gloomy chandlery produced another pair. Adam and Nathaniel grumbled about hiring the high school weight-lifting team. A Green Harbor spar maker and rigger arrived in the barn, measured and fussed in growing delight, and returned with a rigging model. The new-made lug-sail arrived from a Virginia sail maker but did nothing to stop weight-lifting and murmuring, and eventually new spars arrived too. "Oh yes," insisted the elderly men stopping by to see the project in the barn, "it will sail. But always take the oars. Always."

Debra glances at me, keeping perfect pace, smiles slightly. "I just want you to know I can't do this forever," she says. I nod. "You know, every other man on this coast has an engine." I nod again, suggest drifting a while and having a Coke, open my eyes.

I see the hyphen. Moving fast, the bone of white water in its teeth, the Boston Harbor Pilot Boat is bearing down on us. I look over my shoulders, stare around 360 degrees, and see nothing, absolutely nothing that explains the tearing burst of speed. The pilot boat is an all-weather, well-nigh cylindrical craft capable of coming alongside any oceangoing vessel in almost any seas. Now and then, it rescues distressed mariners. I know it has powerful engines, but I have never thought of it moving fast. I begin to think about collision and wonder about the competency of the people behind the smoked-glass windows of the wheelhouse. Then I realize.

The pilot boat crew has seen a lifeboat pulling slowly into the outer reaches of Boston Harbor. Not a converted lifeboat. Not a boat that resembles a lifeboat. But a real lifeboat, double-ended, one big hook jutting up forward, another jutting up aft, its rudder chained to the hull.

Before I can think what to do, what to say, the orange boat throttles back, slows, and veers slightly. A door opens, and a man carrying a bullhorn steps out.

Debra slides her oar inboard and waves, a big, long-armed, happy wave.

Several more men burst from the pilot house, stare, then slowly wave back. The pilot boat slows, almost dead in the water. I see what they see.

A petite, buzz-cut-haired waving woman, her yellow and green bikini two

wisps against her skin, her smile as dazzling as the sun.

The men wave once more and step inside to air conditioning. Instantly the pilot boat accelerates and swings away, a long foaming wake behind it.

Debra slides her oar outboard, takes off her sunglasses and says, "Those guys have an engine. I bet they'd give me a lift."

I promise her an engine. Ten minutes later we see the first ruffle that announces a breeze, and twenty minutes later we are curled up on the stern seat, the lug-sail set and drawing beautifully, our nameless lifeboat sailing east. Debra holds the sheet and tiller, squirms out onto the gunwale, grins, and says, "Well, let's see what speed we can make, okay?" I nod, and wonder again at my experiment.

I wonder a lot. I wonder at the looks people give the boat, at the comments people make, at what a lifeboat means now.

In Boston Harbor the lifeboat causes comment. Everyone knows it is a lifeboat. Little children point and yell; older people stare and turn to talk about it. One pleasure boat after another comes alongside for a look, some of the biggest ones scaring me as they approach and some of the fastest ones scaring me even worse. Speedboats crewed by gaggle of guys come alongside, their occupants pointing, shaking their heads. The shouts are the same, pretty much. "Great boat," is the usual one. "How old is it?"

Despite its glossy paint, Stockholm-tarred rigging, new lug-sail, and oiled spars, the boat strikes everyone as a relic. Yet it is not a museum piece, for all it turns so many heads. We wear no period costume. In swimsuit or faded blue shirts and khakis, in high-tech white sunscreen fabric or tiny Tango Rose bikini, we might be any man and woman in a Boston Whaler or fiberglass sloop. We have no castaway look about us. Forward are the most high tech of storage boxes, a big York Box filled with everything from a compass to flares, an Otter Box for my camera and Debra's cell phone and pager, other boxes for Debra's scuba-diving gear, a self-consuming portable toilet. The boat is no Flying Dutchman, sailed from some 1930s past into the new millennium.

But in some ways it affronts people too, especially when it rides gracefully through the confused waves and currents of the estuary mouth. That a boat small compared with the big fiberglass cabin cruisers around it rides so smoothly seems to irritate the occupants of boats not meant to cross oceans. Even the Coast Guard, patrolling aboard inshore-waters-only boats, scrutinizes the old lifeboat; inspecting it close up, as one Coast Guard officer told me, might lead to embarrassing comparisons of safety equipment.

Other times the lifeboat strikes me as a sort of goddess for whom doors are opened and drawbridges raised. One summer day a friend and I sailed into an East Boston marina, having consumed our supply of Coca-Cola. Made fast against the piers floated yacht after yacht, some on passage from Florida to Maine. The marina dockhands, all young men, spotted the lifeboat, gathered in a group, waved, and shouted, "Come on, we'll make a place for you." Muscling aside two towering yachts, they made a place indeed, exclaiming over the boat, selling us the Coca-Cola we craved, then providing ice for the coolers. Above the ice machine a sign announced ice at five dollars a bag. The young men laughed and told me ice is free "to a boat like that."

A few hours later, moving south, we encountered *Pride of Baltimore*, the topsail schooner owned by the city of Baltimore as a sort of world-traveling ambassador. As we passed each other on parallel courses, its helmsman sung out, "What a beautiful boat!" and its crew waved wildly. But then again, *Pride of Baltimore* ships a crew fond of old ways.

Maybe the lifeboat is not so much beautiful as it is glamorous in the old meaning of the term, something touched by glamourie, by enchantment.

People over forty-five or so pay the lifeboat a sustained attention that frustrates me. Only rarely can I stop, come about, sail near some wharf or urban promenade and ask what they think, and even then I am self-conscious at seeming to beg for compliments. In Boston Harbor, among the docked steamships, I see crewmen look up from their jobs and stop and stare hard at the lifeboat, then turn and glance at the lifeboats slung in davits against the day the high-tech lifesaving devices fall, then glance back and wave. Sometimes older men watch the lifeboat nose into a beach or dock, then shout, "Here come the last *Titanic* survivors." Onlookers laugh. Do they think of shipwreck, of the wartime years when lifeboats focused the attention of so many children, of Hitchcock's film?

Younger people see the boat as something else. Over and over they ask if it is one of the lifeboats from the 1998 film *Titanic*. Until I learned that the film's lifeboats had been sold, supposedly for \$10,000 each, I could not imagine how anyone acquired a prop from a film. I saw the film twice, sulking about its lack of verisimilitude and critical because in the final scene the lifeboat probing among bodies seemed a bit low in the water.

Now and then elderly men approach and stare and sometimes turn away, shaking their heads. Only a rare one speaks. What they say troubles me. I am no expert in collecting oral history, and Yankee alongshore men incline toward a taciturnity hard to crack. They know times to talk, especially about World War II, and times to be silent, and old age encourages silence. But when they talk to me about the lifeboat I listen, knowing that asking questions is a privilege belonging to men older than I.

"That's a good boat in an oil fire." I look up at the old man staring down at me from the finger pier. It is March, cold and raw and windy, and I have lashed the lifeboat to its custom-built trailer and backed it inch by inch down the launching ramp, hoping to find a devious leak in its stern. I look up from the bilge at the old man bundled against the cold

and wait, nodding my interest. He considers, then speaks again. "They gave us steel lifeboats, in '43. Said wood boats didn't belong in tankers. First thing out we get hit, abandon, and the steel boat floats around in the burning oil like a frying pan, red hot. A wood boat burns and doesn't heat up and it gets you away from the fire. Next time out, I got a gasoline tanker with wood boats."

I ask softly what happened that trip. Wrong question. He shrugs, says "Made Liverpool," and rubs his running nose. The left side of his face is pale, scarred from a fire long ago. "Take care of that boat, 'cause it will take care of you," he says and walks off, shaking his head. I see the water pooling around my feet, and grab the pencil and paper I brought to sketch the whereabouts of the leak. As fast as I can, I write down what I think he said.

I ask around. Steelmakers tell me they use wood, usually two-by-fours, to skim the dross floating atop molten steel: anything metal melts. The two-by-four burns, but lasts long enough for the job. Perhaps fire twisted the metal lifeboats that vexed postwar conversion experts, but nowadays not many amateur boaters think to take a wood lifeboat through an oil or kerosene or gasoline fire. Once one starts thinking about it, fire proves surprisingly absent from contemporary survival-after-shipwreck guidebooks mandating lifesaving appliances made of fiberglass and other plastics.

Any sort of fire, perhaps especially an electric one, can ignite the diesel fuel that powers almost every oceangoing vessel. If the fire does not ignite the fuel, a flare most certainly can. In the dark, aboard an inflated raft, castaways may well toss overboard a flare straight into the middle of fuel, igniting it and destroying their raft and any other rafts caught in the spreading blaze.

So ships still cross oceans carrying a traditional lifeboat, not as the primary survival vessel perhaps, but one with a special purpose. If the crew of the ship must rescue castaways, especially people caught in fire, all the high tech rafts prove almost useless. Into the inferno must go a boat capable of withstanding high seas and fire together, the boat no raft yet replaces. Descended from the traditional lifeboat, that boat endures as a memorial to the artifact in my barn.

For 150 years, oared, lugsail-rigged Board of Trade lifeboats saved lives in all sorts of circumstances. Now one of the last boats sails around on summer days, making me smile and think and learn.

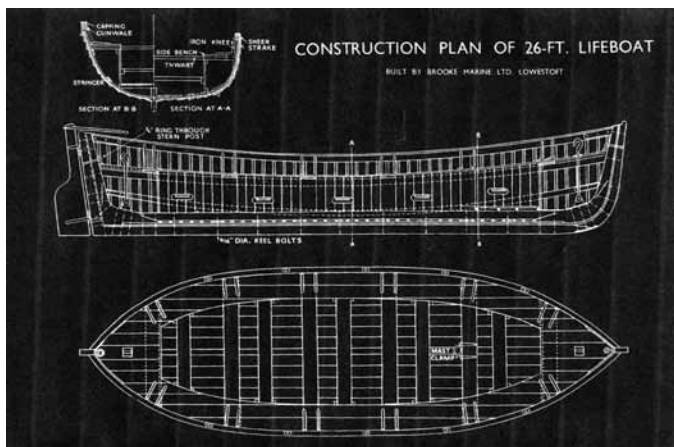
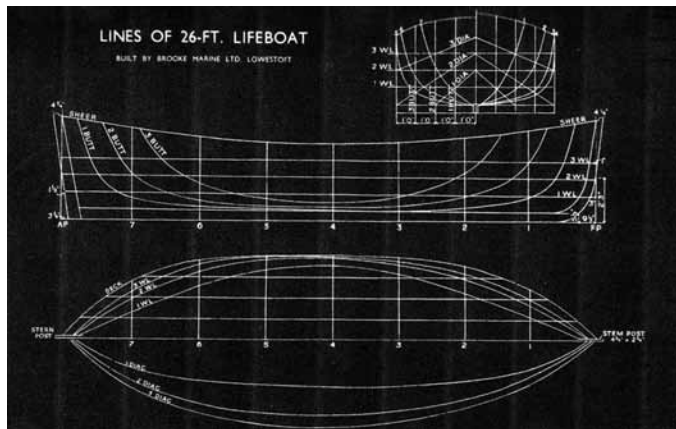
It performs splendidly. It can be trusted to behave itself. Designed to care for its

shocked and disoriented passengers during the waterborne moment when they can do little for themselves, to be sailed by landsmen if necessary to make a passage in the wake of the *Bounty* launch, to manage gales and surf, it sails now as an antique, but it sails and rows exquisitely.

It whispers of times when they, whoever they are, do not come to help.

The lifeboat, long ago secured beneath davits and canvas cover but now sailing on a July afternoon, reminds everyone that things go wrong. Ships sink. Skyscrapers collapse.

It speaks honestly and bluntly of a way out of trouble that depends on no one but its castaway occupants.



# The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886

## and its lasting influence

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising* – Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

### Part One, The Captain's Story

The *Mexico* left Liverpool on Sunday, 5<sup>th</sup> December 1886, bound for Ecuador. Four days later she was at the mercy of a violent WNW gale, heavy seas and freezing showers of snow and hail.

She was a barque of 492 tons, built by Oswalds of Sunderland in 1860 and launched as *John Bull*. Messrs Ostling Gebruder of Hamburg changed her name to *Mexico* when they bought her, presumably because she was destined for the South Atlantic trade. On the eve of the disaster she had been chartered by Bulmans of Liverpool to carry a large, valuable and rather exotic cargo to Guayaquil on the west coast of South America, so she was at the start of a lengthy and arduous journey.

*Mexico* was a happy ship by all accounts, and Captain Burmester an experienced and capable captain, well liked by the 12-man crew, some of whom had been sailing together for as long as thirty years.

She had a Liverpool pilot on board until 12:00 on Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup> December, when he was discharged at Point Lynas on the northeast tip of Anglesey (53° 25' North, 4° 17' West), rather than at the Liverpool Bar Station, a choice usually dictated by bad weather or the request of the Master, but it is not likely that signs of the storm were evident at this stage.

Good progress was made, and at 22:00 the Isle of Man lights at Douglas Head and Langness Point were noted, but by midnight the wind had built sufficiently to blow her off course, and it increased steadily to a full gale with heavy rain, hail and mountainous seas throughout Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> December.

At 03:00 on Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> the Great Orme light was sighted through the murk, a bare 12 miles away, and

throughout the day her situation became steadily more perilous until at 13:00 a sight of the coast showed that the barque was caught between St. Anne's Head and Formby Point, completely at the mercy of the gale. She could not sail close enough to the wind on either tack to weather the headlands. She was embayed.

By 14:00 all hope of getting away from the coast was abandoned, and as the gale was raging unabated the efforts of the crew had to switch from attempting to sail her off to gain sea room to taking all measures that might slow down her drift and reduce the catastrophic effects of contact with the lee shore.

These entailed dropping the fore and main masts and cutting away the lee rigging and as much running gear as possible, which would be deadly if allowed to wash around the decks in the inevitable turmoil later. When the weather shrouds were severed the foremast went overboard, smashing the ship's boat and the house\* on its way, plus the starboard bulwark. It took over 30 hellish minutes to get the mast clear of the bowsprit.

The soundings taken as they began this work had shown initially as 14 to 17 fathoms depth (84 feet to 102 feet / 26–31 metres). Later soundings showed that they were in 12 fathoms (72 feet / 22 metres). They started to work harder to drop the mainmast, a bigger and more dangerous job.

Darkness was falling as they cleared away the main top. This must have been a terrifying time, reflected in their attempts to hold her to two bower anchors, which parted their cables almost immediately, one at the windlass. Soon after, the second mate found only five fathoms, 30 feet (9 metres). They must have known then they were about to strike. A smaller anchor with a five-inch rope warp was deployed – and lost immediately.

It is worth pausing to understand fully the agony of mind as well as body endured by the *Mexico's* crew at



Brig



Barque

The Barque was developed from the Brig, firstly by the addition of a mizzenmast. Both of the brig's masts are square-rigged, with the mainmast also carrying a large fore-and-aft sail. No fore-and-aft sails on the barque's foremast and mainmast – squaresails only – but the mizzenmast has *only* fore and aft sail. Captain Burmester cut away the *Mexico's* foremast and mainmast, *in extremis*, leaving the mizzenmast.

\* John Rigby tells me there was a persistent belief in his family that even the wheelhouse was intentionally stove in by the crew to reduce windage, in the attempt to slow her remorseless drift east. Burmester's testimony at the Inquest suggests the forward 'house' was wiped off the ship by the falling mast, which also wrecked the ship's boat, and certainly there was great storm damage to the rest of the ship's superstructure as well. She was on her beam ends at one point. Intentionally smashing the doghouse would surely have allowed a lot of water below – perhaps too risky an action for very little benefit?



this point. A ship blown before a gale in huge seas can 'roll with the punches' while it is on the move, as it is mobile and alive, even if incapacitated. Once it is stuck on the seabed it becomes no more than a half-tide rock, washed from stem to stern, taking the full force of the waves. Vessels rarely last long under such treatment, but the crew are likely to be swept away immediately, even before the boat founders. This is why we learn from many accounts of shipwrecks that they take to the rigging. They may not be secure up there, even when tied on, and sooner or later they will come down violently with the spars, but the first impulse is to escape those raking seas and the risk of being stunned by displaced equipment or cargo. Captain Burmester must have weighed the decision to dispose of the masts and their windage against the dire consequences of condemning his men to the chaos of a flooded deck and a swamped hull later. The mizzenmast and its ratlines



'Showing a Flare' – a Victorian book illustration, but not inaccurate. The men are in the rigging up above the sea, which is washing the decks. One of them is tied on. The flare, identical to the *Mexico*'s, would have been made on board using an iron bar around which many strands of old rope would be wound and tied off, perhaps prepared first like the strands of unpicked old rope (oakum) used to make 'baggywrinkle' anti-chafe gear. The business end would be dipped in spirits of turpentine (the real thing, not white spirit) and ignited. Turpentine burns with a bright white flame. An example of how sailors fashioned effective equipment from materials readily available on board.

remained upright, as was probably intended, but they had run out of time anyway.

Between 20:00 and 21:00 on Thursday, December 9th, the barque drifted helplessly past four black buoys on her starboard side, which may have marked the Penfold Channel, and touched ground on Horse Bank in the Ribble Estuary, off Southport.

No doubt with a heavy heart and no clear understanding of where they were now in the darkness and the storm, Burmester ordered flares to be lit at 20-minute intervals, right through to midnight, as the *Mexico* drifted and bounced further in. It was a necessary procedure but also a kind of admission that he could do no more for his barque and her crew. Now they had to rely on others seeing their signals, and trust in their goodwill to launch lifeboats into this maelstrom with only an outside chance of rescuing them.

Burmester testified at the Inquest later that, miraculously, they saw a green light in answer to their first signal and a second one some time later. This was confirmed afterwards by the lifeboat crew who showed the light as they sailed straight over to the Horse Bank from Lytham, aiming at the wreck. They showed the second light when they lost sight of the barque's flare. The ship continued to answer their lights with her flares, right up to their arrival within 30 yards of the *Mexico*. Then the lifeboat appeared on their starboard side, 'two points before the beam',\* and 'took us away about a quarter past twelve.'

Burmester checked the watch in the skylight and was certain that his vessel struck and took the ground finally at about ten minutes past twelve. Incredibly they were away in the lifeboat about ten minutes afterwards, according to his testimony. The lifeboatmen could be no more exact than 'between 12:30 and 1 am', but of course they were very busy!

As we shall see, the actual rescue was much more dangerous and violent than the phlegmatic Burmester implied, but they were all taken off safely, despite one of his crew falling between the two vessels and having to be hauled back by his head. Captain Burmester was

\* Like many skippers right up to the close of the 19th century and after, Captain Burmester would have used the Mariner's Compass rose, which was graduated in points, not degrees. A 'point' is equivalent to 11.25°: for example, between North and North-by-East, or between WSW and SW-by-W. So there are 32 'points' in 360°, all with their own names that were instantly recognised by helmsmen.

Suppose for the sake of argument *Mexico* was lying on a North-South axis, with her bows pointing to Magnetic North, then the lifeboat would have appeared 30 yards away on a compass bearing of East-North-East, which is two points north of due East, the alignment of the starboard beam. Of course it did not matter which way the barque was pointing, as an imaginary perpendicular to the beam of the ship was Burmester's datum, so 'two points before the beam' is a precise bearing *relative to the barque*.



probably the last to leave, just after his first mate.

The seas broke continuously over the *Mexico* during the rescue and the lurching of the barque as she dug herself into the sand made it hard to use the ropes to board the lifeboat. The *Mexico* was not completely stuck fast in the sands until they were leaving her, it seems.

The lifeboat showed a green light once they had cleared the barque and raised the sails, to let any watchers on the shore know that the rescue had been effected. The boat sailed right back to Lytham, after the Cox momentarily considered putting in at Southport. He must have been a fine seaman, well

able to think coolly under this kind of pressure, and probably anticipated rightly that the risks would diminish a little on a falling tide as he approached home, which was a good seven miles away across the covered sands of the Estuary.

Judging by the various clock times recalled by Cox Thomas Clarkson and Captain Burmester, it seems that the lifeboat averaged about 2.5, occasionally 3 knots on her homeward trip, with the storm hitting her just forward of her port beam. This sounds entirely reasonable and helps to confirm the various references to the time of day as being essentially correct, within fairly close limits.

Burmester testified that they got back to Lytham at a quarter past three; the crowd at Lytham estimated their arrival at 3:30am, some said 3:10.

Thomas Clarkson and Captain Burmester remained adamant that they saw no other lifeboat, but Burmester did say that he heard one of the lifeboat crew remark, 'There is the Southport boat on a truck on shore', at about half-past twelve as they were clearing the *Mexico*.

As the lifeboat neared its home shore, 'Numbers of people began to run up the sands, far away westwards, and as it was sighted, the crew were greeted with a shout: Have you saved anybody? From the boat came the immediate response: Twelve! and this was followed by ringing cheers.'

They escorted the *Mexico's* crew to the Railway Hotel in Station Road, where Thomas Rymer, the landlord, provided for them. At the entrance to the hotel Burmester was still capable of turning to the crowd and addressing them, struggling in a language alien to him to say that he thanked '... everyone in your town for the gallant manner in which you have this night rescued me and my crew.'

His men must have felt that their salvation had bordered on the miraculous – all saved and no-one harmed in saving them – but soon they were to be confronted by new horrors. The sea had not finished with them, nor with the lifeboatmen of the Ribble Estuary, and within hours the cheers of the Lytham crowds had died on their lips and were forgotten. Keith Muscott



Captain Burmester five days after the disaster, and seven of the *Mexico's* crew around the same time



A favorite place of mine to order hard-to-get books is the Librarium in East Chatham, NY. Sharon Lips finds books not available on Amazon and is a much nicer person to give money to. She and her husband also cross the Atlantic on the *Queen Mary 2*. They were aboard on my last passage, although we did not run into each other. I'd not met Sharon's husband, Pieter, now retired from the city. He, like Captain Stan, took up his interest late in life, Stan became a boat captain, and Pieter became a railroad engineer, licensed to operate locomotives anywhere in the U. S. of A. He is an engineer out of North Adams, MA, on the excursion railroad.

Pieter shared another interest in common with us: a Hurst and Nickerson Adirondack skiff. Hurst & Nickerson both had worked for Rushton in Canton, NY before striking out on their own. They built canoes and guideboats, Pieter's was saved through the efforts of his mother, and Pieter has replaced a couple of pieces expertly. An original top strake is of applewood. This skiff is somewhat large, perhaps a lake camp boat. It measures 17' overall, and weighs 80lbs. Pieter left us to be the engineer of the Hoosac Valley Train Rides for the afternoon. I ordered a book from my childhood that seems not to be found in libraries anymore, *SOS To the Rescue*. It is on its way to me by mail as I type.



Pieter Lips' Hurst & Nickerson Adirondack skiff.

Access to the water is something to be preserved and enjoyed. Hudson, NY has a very enlightened small boat access policy. Their waterfront park is a pleasure, functionally, and aesthetically. It is but a short walk from the Amtrak train station to this park. At the park Hudson Cruises embarks passengers onto their three vessels: the *Marika*, a luxury cruiser, the *Spirit*, a double-decker tour boat that Captain Stan Wilcox skippers and a pontoon ferry that crosses the river to Athens Friday and Saturday evenings, weather permitting, during the summer boating season. The ferry accommodates bikes, and once Captain Stan was asked if they took dogs. He replies, "we even take children."

*Spirit* approaching the Hudson Athens Lighthouse.



## Notes on a Recent Hudson River Visit

By Derek Van Loan



*Spirit* on the Hudson.

Also, there are tours to the nineteenth century, Hudson/Athens lighthouse on its island in the river. Access to the interior is mostly unlimited from the living quarters below up into the old lamp house. Cooking facilities and all that a family needed in past days are still there. There are video interviews with the lively woman, now in her 90s, who grew up in the lighthouse and walked to school over the ice, winters.

Active in the cause of getting folks out onto the river is the Hudson Sloop Club. Despite losing some watercraft in a warehouse fire recently, there's a Catalina 22, and other craft members navigate with the help of folks who make reservations to go out. I met three club members on a lazy Sunday, Adam, Sam Merrett, and Aleia. Brett Miller a friend was also there, as was Trevor. I especially loved their system for keeping the canoe paddle from going missing: it's a shovel. Seeing three individuals in a canoe, Sam, Adam and Aleia, propelled with a square-toed shovel is both amusing and enlightening.



Aleia, Sam and Adam of the Hudson River Sloop Club with favored canoe paddle.

Downriver in Kingston, is the popular and thriving Hudson River Maritime Museum. We arrived there just as the last two workers on the miniature Hudson River sloop, *Woody Guthrie* were closing up shop. This vessel was built for Pete Seeger in 1977, and first launched here. Volunteer Vince Farina referred me to Captain Steve Schwartz. They both took time to speak with me and, having done a little building myself, I have some idea what they've accomplished. The shop is fairly well outfitted, complete with ship saw. They've milled much of the wood for the project. All the ribs and planks have been replaced. There's an engine aboard this vessel now, but Steve spent many hours at the sweeps in conversation with Pete. This developed into a lifelong friendship between Pete and Steve. This sloop has the most interesting and graceful swooping entry. I look forward to seeing the river slide by this hull once again.



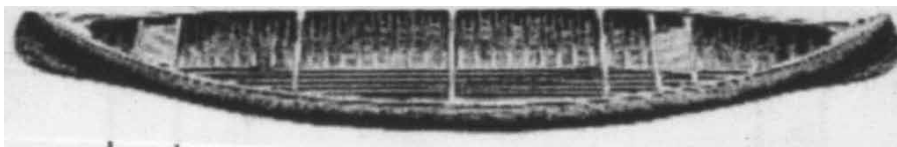
Vince Farina, volunteer at the Hudson River Maritime Museum and long ago friend of Pete Seeger.



Capt. Steve Schwartz and the Hudson River sloop *Woody Guthrie* at the Hudson River Maritime Museum.

The river as viewed from the town of Hudson.





## A Summertime of Paddling and Projects

With the Norumbega Chapter WCHA

### Norumbega's 2018 WCHA Assembly Project

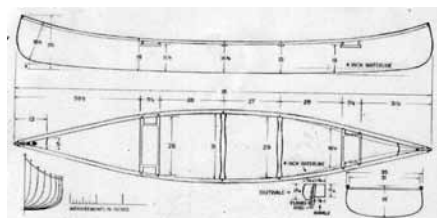
For the 2018 WCHA Assembly Auction we had planned to do a restoration of a Chestnut Indian Maiden, a very rare model that would be a good fit with the Assembly theme for 2018, Chestnut Canoes and Bill Mason. Macky Mongold generously donated the canoe and hauled it from Florida to Paul Smith's where we moved it from one trailer to another for the trip to Massachusetts. Unfortunately, when the canoe got here a quick inspection revealed that the canoe was too far gone to be a viable project, almost every rib would need to be replaced along with most of the planking, the inwales, outwales, and the special Indian Maiden decks. The best place for this, regrettably, is going to be the burn pile.

With the Indian Maiden off the table it came time to come up with a plan "B" for this project. John Fitzgerald came across an ad on the Maine Craig's List for an original Chestnut building form that had come out of the factory when they shut down in 1979. This would be perfect, we could make a brand-new Chestnut canoe from an authentic factory form! Alas, not to be. Jeff Morrill and I took some time on July 22 to travel out to Charlemont, MA to inspect the form. What we found was a form for a 1970s vintage Chestnut "Deer" which was the old "Pal" that they modified to be wider and deeper than the originals, not a really pretty canoe, and the form was in very poor condition, having been left to the weather for many years. It would be a major project just to get the form back to usable condition, so, we left the form in Charlemont.



This building form is in pretty poor condition, I has not moved from this spot for years.

Now we have progressed to Plan "C". Continuing with the theme Chestnut Canoes and Bill Mason why not build a new 16' Chestnut Prospector, Bill Mason's favorite canoe? Here at the canoe shop we have a Prospector form that can be put to use and a new build would be a good learning experience for our members who have perhaps done some repairs and restorations but not a new build.



Drawing from *Song of the Paddle* by Bill Mason. 16' Chestnut Prospector "Fort" made from 1922 until 1979 in Fredericton, NB.

On September 11 we got started with eight members here at the canoe shop working on parts and pieces. We were steaming, sawing, planing and sanding all morning and by midday we had two stems, two inwales and 40 ribs ready to go.



Lawton Gaines, Steve Lapey and Bob Smith keeping busy as John Fitzgerald runs rib stock through the table saw.

### Father's Day On the Sudbury and Concord Rivers

On June 18 we returned to the Sudbury River for our 13th Annual Father's Day Outing, paddling from Sherman's Bridge in Wayland to the Minuteman National Park Site at the Old North Bridge in historic Concord, MA. Once again John Fitzgerald was the trip leader paddling with his mother Sue and Sadie the dog in the 1914 Old Town Ideal. Son Brendan soloed in the 1953 Peterborough 12' pack canoe. So far, Brendan is the only one who has managed to paddle this tender little canoe without going over.



Sue, Sadie and John Fitzgerald enjoying the ride in the 1914 Old Town

Arriving at the put-in at Sherman's Bridge the weather looked as if it could go either way, rain or sun, but by the time we had the canoes launched and the car shuttle set up the clouds disappeared and we had bright sunshine for the rest of the day. With a slight tailwind it was a very easy paddle downstream all the way to Concord. Turn-out was good this year, we had a fleet of 11 wood/canvas canoes, 19 people and one dog participating, possibly a record crowd for one of our events.



Canoes and canoeists gathering at the put in.

Other attendees this year included Gary and Diane Amirault in their old Morris, Roger Andrews paddling solo in his Charles River Courting canoe (we still are not sure of the maker of this one) and Stuart Fall in one of Jeanne Bourquin's canoes made in Ely, Minnesota. Barclay Foord, a member of the Delaware Valley Chapter traveled all the way from Kinnelon, NJ to paddle here with his friend Peter Dragone from Concord, they paddled Barclay's 18' Old Town Guide. Barclay won the award for traveling the furthest distance for the event!



Barclay Foord and Peter Dragone in the big Old Town Guide.

Miss Deborah and I paddled the yellow canoe from our Stevens Canoe Works, we were met at the bridge in Concord by son Daniel and Christy Riberio. Jeff and Mary Ann North joined in paddling their red Carleton canoe. Made in 1921 the Carleton has been in their family for many years.



The Norths in the Carleton and Barclay Foord in the Old Town

The O'Brien family arrived with two canoes on a Volvo, Greg and Shelly paddled the 16' Moms and the boys, Cole and Finn, used the 15' Old Town Trapper. Another group of long distance travelers, the Smith family from Farmington, NH, came with a 16' Gerrish. Zack, Amanda and Aubrey paddled the old Gerrish which has been recently restored by Zack. It is an early open gunwale canoe with an interesting way of placing delicate rail caps on both the inwale and outwale.



Zack, Aubrey and Amanda Smith gliding along in the Gerrish canoe.

After launching and paddling to about the halfway point we stopped for a short break at our usual landing spot on a point of land in Fairhaven Bay where we had time to compare canoes, ask questions and stretch our legs before continuing down river.



Taking a break at Fairhaven Bay

At the takeout, we all gathered on the picnic benches right next to the Old North Bridge where the first shots of the Revolutionary war were fired in April of 1775. Today's bridge is a replica of the original which floated away many years ago, our fleet of canoes was lined up along the shore just downstream from the bridge for all the tourists to enjoy.

## WCHA Assembly

Assembly this year at Paul Smith's College was another fun time enjoyed by a large contingent of Norumbega members. I counted 17 of our members, there may have been more who I missed. The Assembly featured canoe accessories this year, everything from paddles to folding seats to antique phonographs, there was a lot to see besides canoes.



This year's topic was "Canoe Accessories", and this canoe had more than its share of gadgets.



Norumbega canoes lined up on shore just below the Old North Bridge in Concord.

Every day the weather forecast changed, usually from bad to worse, however the expected rains held off for most of the time. There was a quick shower on Friday afternoon but, it let up enough for the paddle by to be held as scheduled.

The annual auction was held on Saturday afternoon and for a change we did not donate a project canoe. This year the Three Rivers Chapter came with a 1941 Old Town OT, complete with a new sail and a complete sail rig. Kathryn Klos Campbell was the winning bidder for this exceptional canoe.



Inside the auction tent at the WCHA Assembly.

Another auction canoe was a 1910 Old Town 50lb special that was in serious need of TLC. For a \$100 bid Brendan Fitzgerald got to take it home to add to the collection. Greg Nolan was the high bidder on several items, Diane Amirault made a winning bid on a folding canoe seat and John Fitzgerald walked away with a gift certificate for a new Shaw and Tenney paddle. All proceeds from the annual auction go to support the WCHA.



Robin Lauer shows how he uses a "Hot Tent" to extend his canoe tripping right into hunting season.



John Fitzgerald, Bill Conrad, Robin Lauer and others inspect a 1905 J.R. Williams Canoe from Kennebunkport, ME recently restored by Dave DiVito of Rochester, NY. Williams was a small maker operating at the turn of the century, there may not be more than two of his canoes remaining



Gary and Diane Amirault in the paddle by paddling the Moms canoe.



Stuart Fall participated in the paddle using his Jeanne Bourquiri canoe.



Robin Lauer, John Fitzgerald and Macky Mongold spent some time looking over this long-decked Moms.



It was announced that next year the Assembly will be held at Trent University in Peterborough, Ontario. We were at Trent about ten years ago and it is a very good facility for our event, everyone had a good time. Peterborough is the home of the Canadian Canoe Museum and we will most likely have the opportunity to visit the museum and see the hundreds of canoes that are kept in a warehouse next to the museum. Most visitors to the museum do not get a chance to see all of their huge collection.

## Tully Lake in July

On July 22 a small group of Norumbega paddlers drove out to Tully Lake in Royalston, MA for a pleasant day of paddling on the East Branch of the Tully River and Long Pond. First to arrive, as usual, was Larry Meyer with the new, to him, Old Town Trapper that he recently found in Cambridge, MA. The green trapper was bought new in 1968, it is in excellent condition and ready for many more years of service before it will need its first re-canvassing.

Brad Chamberlin came from nearby Greenfield with his 16' American Traders canoe. Brad is lucky, he can paddle here almost any time he wants, being so close to home. Alan Doty joined the group from Conway, MA with his 15' strip built Prospector. Your editor and Jeff Morrill brought the Stevens Prospector for this trip, the Prospector is a nice stable canoe, perfect for the beaver dams that we found on the Tully River.

Launching at 9:30, we paddled upstream for about a mile until we reached Long Pond which was as smooth as glass for a change. At the far end of the pond the river has formed a delta where it flows into the pond, the delta is heavily overgrown and it always makes it an adventure finding the correct channel leading to the river. This time we managed to find our way fairly quickly and we worked our way upstream to the first beaver dam. Here Larry decided to return to Long Pond rather than risk damage to the new Trapper, we expected to meet up with him at the lunch stop later in the morning. We chose to continue upstream over several more beaver dams before turning around and retracing our steps back to Long Pond.

Arriving at the lunch stop on Long Pond we found no trace of Larry, so, we continued back to the landing and had our lunch there before calling it a day.



Canoes on the shore at the Long Pond rest stop.



Jeff Morrill, Brad Chamberlin and Alan Doty at the takeout.

## The Salem Maritime Festival

On August 5 we once again participated in the Salem Maritime Festival at the National Park, in Salem, MA, displaying canoes and passing out WCHA information to the folks who came by and took the time to look at our canoes. Gary Amirault brought his early Morris to display, with fresh paint and varnish it attracted a lot of attention. Two Stevens canoes were on the lawn, the 16' Prospector and the Sweet Sixteen.

On Saturday, Stuart Fall and Lawton Gaines helped out by talking to the show visitors and explaining to anyone who would listen the advantages of wooden canoes over other styles. The attendance on Saturday was low because of the rainy weather early in the day, it cleared up and got busier in the afternoon



The Morris in the foreground, the Prospector behind it and the Sweet Sixteen with a sail in the rear. Stuart is talking wooden canoes with a visitor.

On Sunday Doug Deyoe came from Acton to help and we were swamped with visitors as it was just a perfect day, bright sun with a nice breeze off the water. We had the Sweet Sixteen canoe rigged with a sail and that seemed to attract a lot of visitors to our tent. Again, we passed out a lot of WCHA pamphlets to folks, some of whom showed interest in joining the organization.

## The Charles River Trip

August 19 started out foggy and misty with a promise of clearing, so, we all took a chance and drove to Millis for the Charles River trip. The last time we did this stretch of the Charles was in 2012 when there was a canoe and kayak operation renting boats at the put in. The rental operation is gone but the Charles River is still there and is as attractive as ever.

Arriving at the put-in we were greeted by an unusual canoe on a roof rack. It turned out to be a racing style canoe made by new member, Pete Olsen from Carver, MA. He and his friend Dennis teamed up to paddle the big, 18-1/2' canoe. Needless to say, they were in the lead the entire trip, the racing canoe sure is fast! Pete reports that this is one of four that he has made from the same form.



Pete in the stern and Dennis paddling the racing canoe on the Charles River

Jeff and Mary Ann North from Belmont arrived with the Red Carleton from 1921 and had help from Race, the black Labrador retriever. The lab is pretty good in the canoe, for the most of the time he sat quietly in the center of the canoe, but, every now and then he found the need to move around and you could see the Carleton bouncing a bit until Jeff was able to get the balance taken care of



The old Carleton has plenty of room for three.

Greg and Shelly O'Brien paddled the 1915 16' Morris that always looks sharp going down the river, although they are always slowed down a little due to the many photographs that Greg takes along the way. Great photos, thank you Greg! Birds were in abundance on the river, we saw Great Blue Herons, a Green Heron, Swans, Killdeer. Cardinals and many more that we didn't identify.



Greg and Shelly in the 1915 Morris.

Lunch time found us at Rocky Narrows, a Trustees of Reservations property where we pulled the canoes up on the shore and spent some quiet time at this pretty spot. A few hikers and bicyclists passed by while we were having lunch, a few of them took notice of the wooden canoes. Soon we were back on the river for the rest of the trip to the dam at South Natick where the vehicles were waiting.



Canoes on the beach at Rocky Narrows, where we stopped for a lunch break





## The Middleton Stream Team

A Non-Profit Organization  
Dedicated to Protecting and  
Preserving Middleton's  
Streams and Wetlands



Reprinted from the *Water Closet* - Online Newsletter of the Middleton (MA) Stream Team

### Piscataqua River Great Bay Cruise

Historic Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a small city with a great seaport, is less than an hour north of Middleton via an asphalt river that flows from the now suffering Florida Keys up into Maine. From the mouth of our Ipswich River on a fair west wind we might sail to Portsmouth in under half a day. Portsmouth Harbor's rocky entrance, the Piscataqua River, doesn't shift as do the barrier beaches of sand that flank the Merrimack and Ipswich rivers' exits to the sea.

Some say the name Piscataqua degenerated from Algonquian's Peske (branch) and Tegwe (strong or tidal current); both suit this dynamic river and its large drainage well. The water from the watershed enters the Atlantic between Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Kittery, Maine.

The half-tide currents between the two reach four to five knots. In contrast, our twice-as-long Ipswich River has only one fifth the watershed area and relatively slow currents. The rivers in our area of the Gulf of Maine from Cape Ann to Kittery, the Ipswich, Parker, Merrimack, Hampton, and Piscataqua, are very different rivers.



Buoy #13, marking the Piscataqua's channel, bows to the river's powerful currents. Here brackish water ebbing tips it towards the sea from whence the water came. (Judy Schneider Photo)

Mighty Route I-95's current flows on asphalt from Maine to Florida. In the river below its bridge across the Piscataqua the current shifts direction four times a day. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)



In mid-September on our annual outing, about forty Middleton Stream Teamers and friends took an early evening cruise from downtown Portsmouth up the ebbing Piscataqua into Great Bay and back. The large engines of the 50' long Portsmouth Harbor Cruise vessel labored against the strong current. It took 90 minutes to cover the 12 miles up from the start and only 45 minutes to return.

The fast moving water roiled around the huge columns supporting the Routes 1 and I95 bridges. In the days of oars and sails, boat and ship movements were done on slack or favorable tides. The Old Closeteer remembers rowing races in dories in the Portsmouth harbor area. Two strong young men trying to buck the ebb and flood currents at peak flows with oars stood still and soon fell off and went with the flow. Races were planned for slack lows or highs.

Despite the currents, deep water in the narrows between Portsmouth and Kittery has made this a busy and well-known Atlantic seaport since the early 1600s. For a century before that fishermen from the "Old World" in small ships no doubt used it when here fishing spring to fall. We know they had fishing stations on the Isles of Shoals just six miles to the east offshore. The half-dozen granite islands' early English name was Smythe Isles, so dubbed for warrior, entrepreneur, and explorer John Smith.

His and subsequent fishing stations in the area were among astoundingly rich waters, thick with fish, nourished by the Piscataqua River and 6,000 acre Great Bay and its six feeding rivers. Our cruise took our group up into the shallow, much warmer, bay where about half its area is exposed mudflat at low tide. The captain cited marine studies done there to bring the oysters and anadromous fish back. The oysters are still there, and herring return to the bay's rivers each spring to spawn. Their numbers, however, don't compare to early colonial days and before, when for ten millennia natives occupied the coastal lands and waters.

Beneath the water at half-tide, unseen by the visitors, are eel grass meadows, nurseries for many species that feed fish well out into the Gulf of Maine. The cruise ship passed patches of floating eel grass that the current had torn loose and were enroute to sea where they too would become food.

Great Bay is said to be the second largest inland estuary along the east coast of the country that is not directly connected to the sea. The boat passed by UNH's Jackson Lab where marine life is studied and oysters resistant to a devastating virus up from the Chesapeake Bay are being developed. Stream Teamer Fran Masse and his oystering buddies, who raked the Eagle River in Ipswich, used to bring empty shells to Jackson Lab for use as substrate. After a composing period in quarantine shells are sprinkled in the bay for planktonic oyster larvae to attach to. The tiny "spat" need hard surfaces as lifelong anchors.

An encouraging sign indicating healthy bay habitats are the stands of mature trees almost completely fringing the uplands surrounding Great Bay. The bay's habitats in order of decreasing area are underwater meadows of eel grass, mudflats, saltmarshes, channel bottoms, and rocky intertidal edges. The pastures and sawmills that once ringed the bay are long gone. Manure and sawdust no longer run off during rains and spring melt. The trees and ground cover catch sediment; the water is infiltrated among billions of soil organisms and a labyrinth of roots. Ground and runoff water is thus cleaned. The bay is now protected by law from the discharge of sewage and industrial wastes throughout the watershed. The cities of Dover and Rochester in the headwaters of the Piscataqua, once important mill towns, are now quiet.

The bridges crossing the Piscataqua from New Hampshire are not quiet. Traffic on mighty I-95 never ceases. Routes 1 and 1A bridges are being rebuilt. One of the highlights of the cruise was hearing from recently retired marine heavy equipment operator and Stream

The impressive bridge towers of Routes 1 and 1A are being rebuilt. Portsmouth is seen to the right. The once infamous U.S. Naval Prison in Kittery, on the Maine side of the river, can be seen in the background. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)



Team member, Leon Rubchinuk, talking about his work removing and repairing old bridges over the river. For 27 years he worked from piers and barges, Texas to Maine, taking down and raising structures above and below the water. As we passed under the new bridges, Leon vividly described what has been done to make way for the new and what is happening now in and above the currents as the structures are built.



This osprey flies under a 24/7 stream of cars above on Route I-95. (Donna Bambury Photo)

While riding the ebb back under the bridges the Old Closeteer thought about tidbits of Portsmouth's dynamic history, a place very important in our country's early trade and later wars. John Paul Jones supervised the building of the new nation's frigate *Ranger* in Portsmouth from 1781 to 1782. Privateers pestered and profited from British shipping in the War of 1812. In the 20th century submarines were built and repaired for the world wars. The work goes on.

The Closeteer remembers when he was six in 1939 listening with his parents to the radio as the fatally crippled submarine *SS Squalus* and crew, down over 200' outside the harbor, were being rescued. Twenty-six not taken to the surface in a recently invented Momsen diving bell perished. As a child during WWII, the Closeteer remembers hearing strange rumblings in the wee hours of the night. Stories next day that came back from the shipyard were that a U-boat had been sunk by depth charges just off the coast as it attempted to approach the outer harbor. The State Park in Salisbury was then an Army anti-aircraft battery to protect the Portsmouth Shipyard twenty miles to the north.

Portsmouth's most famous international event was the peace treaty between the Russians and Japanese in 1906, arranged by President Theodore Roosevelt. The negotiations successively proceeded under his supervision from Washington. The news from modern Washington, hurricane Harvey in Texas, hurricane Irma in Florida and all the shouting over North Korea came flooding back to the Closeteer upon the cruise's return to lovely downtown Portsmouth. He was somewhat reluctant to end the trip and go ashore. It had been an interesting escape into the past, dreaming of days gone by and hearing of improvements in the water of Great Bay and the Piscataqua, which no longer stinks as rivers often did when he was a child.

## Parker River Paddle

The Parker River flows between the Merrimack and Ipswich rivers on our Massachusetts North Shore as it meanders fifteen miles from Groveland to Plum Island Sound. In mid-September, several Middleton Stream Teamers and friends in two canoes and seven kayaks joined the flow at Middle Road in Newbury near Governor's Academy. The paddlers put in among the cattails and leisurely rode easterly on a high ebb tide flanked by an ever saltier marsh of largely short salt marsh grasses. The brackish water-loving narrow leaf cattails were soon left behind.

Had the paddlers tasted the water enroute they'd have found it only moderately salty. The seawater that had come in on the morning's flood tide had mixed with the freshwater runoff and groundwater from the upriver watershed. The total area drained by the Parker River and its tributaries is 82 square miles. A morning fog had lifted; the world between the sky and water was lush green. Only a few distant Virginia creeper vines climbing trees on the marshes' edges showed the bright red of fall. Cord grass on the river's banks and salt hay grass on the flat high marsh2 showed no signs of the caramel color they'll soon become. Here and there on the marsh small patches of glasswort had turned shiny green to pink-maroon.

While stopping for a picnic lunch on a knoll of granite at the convergence of the Mill River up from Rowley, the paddlers found and tasted the reddening leaves of "pickleweed," another name for glasswort. One paddler found that those that had turned red are saltier than those still green. In years gone by this little succulent was pickled for use as a winter condiment.



Glasswort, a small succulent marsh plant, turns red in September. Paddlers from the Parker River are tasting the soft stems of this plant once pickled for use as a winter condiment. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)

View of the Parker River and its salt marsh in Newbury as seen from a knoll with exposed granite ledge. The marsh is less than 3,000 years old; the rock of the ledge is over 300 million. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)



The northeast corner of the picnic knoll was a high expanse of ledge facing northeast that provided a fine view of the river and salt marsh. As the paddlers parked their vessels in the cord grass, a Newbury man with two young daughters passed by slowly in a motor boat. Friendly, when questioned about the ledge where they had stopped, he volunteered, "I was engaged on that rock. I brought my bride-to-be out here with a ring and a bottle of champagne. She said yes."

How could she have said otherwise in such a lovely place? The paddlers wondered how many others had been courted in this lovely estuary painted and photographed so many times. Martin Johnson Heade of the Hudson School of Illuminists introduced our salt marshes to the world in the 19th century after visits here and at other marshes along the east coast. For years the Closeteer had passed along the legend that the famous Heade painted with Frank Thurlo, a Newburyport artist and frame shop owner who did scores of marsh scenes. There is no evidence of this, but examination of the men's paintings strongly indicate a connection. The younger Thurlo no doubt knew of Heade and may have been inspired by him.

The snack laden paddlers climbed to a red cedar and oak-fringed clearing on the knoll's top. As they ate and rested the old Closeteer's mind drifted back to his days as a young boy in late July and early August on the salt marshes of Salisbury where his grandmother brought food and a refreshing molasses-water drink called switchel to her husband and helpers making hay. While they ate she fished for eels and flounders in nearby Pettengill's Crick. On catching an eel she would scream. Much amused, one of the hay makers would run to her and take the squirming eel off the hook.

Here and all along the Parker's tidal waters from colonial times into the early 20th century almost all the high marsh was mown for "salt meadow hay." The miles of crick and riverbanks were also cut for cord grass that was used before the Revolution for thatch. Some high marsh hay is still cut for mulch. The seeds won't sprout in upland soils. Winter ice cuts the tall cord grass which then drifts in on the high-runner-tides of nor'easters to pile up on the shoulders of causeways. Some is yearly gathered by the Closeteer as free mulch. Out beyond Route 1A, in from the barrier beaches on the low tide flats, the grass cutters might have brought home baskets of clams if they caught a low tide and could spare the time. As a boy the Closeteer dug sea

worms, which he and friends used as flounder bait, on the same flats.

After lunch the paddlers returned to their vessels. The water level had dropped two feet and the descent down the muddy bank to the floating canoes and kayaks was tricky. One spunky lady slid into the water up to her shoulders. Stream Teamer Glenn helped pull her out and into canoe. Asked by her canoe mate if she was all right and needed a dry shirt, she said, "Feels good in this heat."

An easterly breeze riffled the water and replaced the hot humid air as the paddle down the beautiful, ever-widening Parker River resumed. Soon the fleet passed under the Boston and Maine Railroad Bridge at half tide when tidal flows are at maximum velocity. The Closeteer remembered his late mother telling how much she liked her daily commute by rail to school in Boston almost a century ago across the several salt marshes seen enroute to North Station. In too short a time the paddlers passed under the new Route 1A bridge to a landing where they took out and returned to being landlubbers.



Canoes such as these are now outnumbered by kayaks. These paddlers are riding the high ebb tide on the Parker River in Newbury. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)

With the tide they could have easily paddled another four miles down to Plum Island Sound and on to the mouth of the Ipswich River and the sea, or north up the Plum Island River to the mighty Merrimack. As long as

the gravities of the moon, earth and sun interact the tides will keep on coming. Humans have paddled these waters for 10,000 years. They'll no doubt continue in the estuaries of an ever-changing coast.

## Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

### A Visit from Harvey

Harvey came and he went away leaving behind here in Rockport, TX not only wrecked lives but changed ones as well. Some will move on to better things, others will continue their downward spiral, downward irregardless of Harvey or not.

Had some friends over for dinner tonight. We've known them for a few years now. It was a rather quiet evening; and actually they stayed only a little bit over and hour. They were off to do laundry at another friend's. Linda had been over to their house earlier this week, helping to clean up. They've been reduced to a 15' travel trailer; from about 1,800sf. Their house is to be bulldozed tomorrow. It's been hard on them, it's been hard on most everybody, they were very quiet.

Another friend had to stay in town with his wife by default when the out-of-town hotel called them and said "Don't come", they were shutting down. He said it was the roughest thing he's ever been through, especially when his two-story house started vibrating. He did not suffer much damage to his home, but Harvey downed 40 or so of his property's 55 trees, and then he turned around and gave his business tenant a free pass on rent, and told the single mother who is renting his cottage the same thing.

Another, a neighbor, an ex-shrimper stayed. I asked him how the ride was. He said it was rough four times in as many sentences. His brother down the street also stayed, he used the word 'hairy' and he doesn't normally have much to say.

I spoke with him on the phone a day or so after Harvey left town. He described being exhausted every night. I can relate now that we're back. In the midst of the first week of cleanup he found the time to cover two of my broken windows.

At the hot food concessions, gratis by the way, the fellow in charge, an out of town pastor, sat down next to me and asked Linda how she felt his operation was helping. Her reply, I think hit the nail on the head: "After

working all day cleaning up the mess in this heat and humidity, getting fed and having no dishes to do was a Godsend." The acts of kindness by so many had me near tears many times. People going out of their way to help, amazing, simply amazing.

One fellow small boat sailor came pedaling by the other day. I'd sold him a Mac 21 months ago. He didn't have a dime at the time but he wanted a sailboat something fierce. I don't remember his particulars, an old vet took him in. He had gotten a job painting houses for a local contractor. He'd come by once in a while to visit his gal. One day he came by with

a \$100 bill; he'd been saving his nickels and dimes. Said he'd have the rest in a couple of months. Asked if I'd hold it for him. I did and he did. I also gave him a discount.

Well he said Harvey took the house and the trailer but left his little girl unscathed. He was ecstatic with gratitude. His dream lives. The former owner of his boat a few years back had recently been thinking of getting another sailboat. Harvey took his house as well his dream. It was sad on both accounts; the house and the dream.

There are no reasons for the dreams to die, but perhaps there is still a flame, still a spark left behind in Harvey's wake.



My backyard looks bad but really it wasn't. In the early stages the boats filled with water and stayed put. Pumping and a good cleaning were all that was needed.





# Messing About Wales in a Canal Boat

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

Philip Thiel's report on the status of his prototype pedal-powered canal boat "Penichette" (see *Messing About in Boats* Vol. 10, No. 2, June 1, 1992) put me in mind of a canal trip I'd taken in Wales with my young family years ago. A little more reminiscing sent me rummaging through my book shelves until I found the log of the trip. While this all took place over twenty years ago (could it really be that long?) I expect that things would be little changed if one were to travel that way today.

The cruise through the canals of Northern Wales was a compromise holiday. We were tying to plan our vacation for the summer between two years spent working in the South of England. With only a year left in the U.K., my wife wanted to see as much of the British Isles as possible but I wanted to be in a boat, any kind would do. We both wanted something which wouldn't coop us up with our three young children, then ages 9, 4 and 3. The choice turned out to be excellent.

We began by reading travel brochures about holidays in England with children. Most of them would have required miles of travel in our rented Mini (the British version of a motorized roller skate). Out of the question. The ad from the Inland Hire Cruisers at Rowton Bridge, Chester impressed us. Try as we might, no one knew anything about Wales. . . "as a cruising ground?" A little work in our local library told us that the Llangollen Canal was the Welsh branch of the Shropshire Union Canal. While the main canal was still much used by working canal boats, the Llangollen branch was open only for pleasure craft. It was called "the most beautiful stretch of canal in the British waterway system, if not in the whole world."

When the charterer's brochure arrived, excitement rose. However, my suspicions were aroused when I read a fine-print paragraph stating that. . . "the hirer is not responsible for fines paid to the British Waterways Board for loss of excessive water due to leaving the lock paddles open". It dawned on me then, that we were to be our own lock-keepers. The initial panic was dealt with by a search for information. There were many books about the British canals, but they were filled with minutia, about their history, their construction or their picturesque-ness, but not a word about how to operate the locks. Finally, I found *Canal Cruising* by John Hankinson, published by Ward Lock Co,

London, 1967. Here was the complete canaler's guide telling me what to take, rules of the road for navigating the canals, and a complete description of the locking system. However, the section on cruising through tunnels did little to enthuse my wife. I read the book through a couple of times, and convinced myself that I was reassured.

We arrived in Chester about noon on a July Saturday. Chester is a delightful medieval town that deserves time for exploration. We had no difficulty finding Rowton Bridge, in Christleton. The boat wasn't due to be ready till 3:00 pm (standard practice in British canal boat hiring) but we thought we'd take a peak at our next week's home. When we saw her, our hearts fell. She was all of the 28 feet, as advertised, but she was scruffy and showed many signs of age and abuse. She was liberally sheathed with well chaffed rubbing strakes. We were soon to realize the reason for her scars. Her beam was 6ft 10 inches. Many of the locks she was soon to pass through were just 7 feet wide. Some times a few brick ridges encroached further into the one inch of freedom on each side. I defy anyone to cruise such a canal and take their ship through unscathed. John Hankenson stated. . . "if your boat is unscratched, you're the first hirer."

We returned to the boat yard a little before 3:00 pm and piled the three children, and countless bags aboard. The groceries were already neatly stacked in the cabin. They'd been ordered through the charterer and delivered aboard by the supplier. I was then shown my first diesel engine, a Volvo Penta 15.5 h.p., and given a whirlwind instruction course on operation and maintenance. We were shown the whereabouts of the lock key and the mooring pins. Fifteen minutes later, we were en route leaving behind our charterer's hearty farewells and undoubtedly his silent prayers for the boat's, if not our, safe return.

Knowing that all the charter boats were due to leave at 3:00 pm and with a set of locks just six miles up-canal from the boatyard we were prepared to re-enact the Spanish Armada's encounter with the English Navy. Our worries were unfounded. As the whole trip demonstrated, we never had to line up for locks, even though we were at the height of the season.

That first afternoon we travelled only seven miles and traversed one lock. We wanted to get the feel of the boat and find out just

exactly how the locks worked. The first six locks, which are on the Shropshire Union Canal, are wide ones, which can take two boats side by side and two end-for-end, so it made for an easier start, especially with other canalers around for help.

The process of locking is basically one of letting the water do the work by allowing it to run down hill. There are no pumps. You empty a lock by opening the "paddles" which cover holes in the down-stream gates. There is one paddle to open in each of the downstream gates. The "paddles" are opened and shut by a rack-and-pinion mechanism which is worked with the aid of a "lock key". This is an "L" shaped steel crank-handle that has a square opening that fits onto the square ended spindle of the gear mechanism (Rule One: Don't leave your lock key back at the last lock, and for God's sake, don't drop it overboard). I remember that the noise of the water rushing out of that first lock almost drowned out the shrieks coming from my wife who was trying to hang onto the boat by it's mooring lines as the current from the water exiting the lock threatened to wash boat and family downstream. (Rule Two: Because there are few mooring points below the lock to tie to, and because wives have a distaste for being dragged downstream unwillingly, when you disembark to take on the role of lock-keeper, leave your boat about fifty yards below the lock).

When the lock is empty, the down-stream gates can be opened readily by leaning against the long balance arms which counterweight the gates. A few extra moments of waiting, to ensure that the water levels on both sides of the gate are equal, is important. Otherwise, grunting and swearing are necessary. Once the gates are opened, the daring can drive in, however, the cautious rope in. The wide locks are no problem, but driving into the narrow ones with an inch on each side is a challenge. It also requires that the vessel be absolutely vertical. A slight lean over the gunwale to check your whereabouts and you're jammed.

Once in the lock, the gates are closed behind the boat, as are the paddles on these gates. An oversight here leaves a lot of water flowing straight through the lock (hence the potential fines to the Waterways Board). The lock is filled by opening the "ground paddle" which covers the entrance of a tunnel in the ground that bypasses the upper gates. The



inrushing water causes the boat to sashay violently, but the narrow confines reduces the problem of steadying the boat. After some experience, my wife learned to control this with the engine while I was ashore lock-keeping. With the lock filled, the upper gates can be opened by pushing against their balance arms. Once again, a few moments of waiting are well rewarded. With that extra wait, our nine year old daughter could open most gates by herself. After exiting the lock, courtesy dictated that the gates be left shut and the ground paddles lowered.

Our passage through our first lock left us with a sensation of a complex job nervously but successfully accomplished. Soon it was child's play (literally). It provided a lot of action for the children and a usually welcome opportunity to chat with local strollers, boat messers that liked to hang around locks, as well as other canal boaters who tended to use a lock stop for lunch, taking on water or checking out the local pub (which was often near at hand). The narrow locks could take on two boats end to end. This meant that the locking ritual could frequently be shared with the other boat's crew which made it all even easier.

After our one lock on the first the day we putted another mile or so then moored for the night under the protection of the ramparts of Beeston Castle. Mooring is a simple affair. You choose a spot, pull over, jump ashore, hammer in the mooring pins and tie up to them. The mooring pins are nothing more than steel spikes about eighteen inches long. These are driven into the canal bank with a small sledgehammer provided by the management. The boats also come equipped with a gang plank since the edges of the canals are usually too shallow to get close enough in to allow small fry to climb on and off.

Along one side of the canal is a tow path, a legacy from the days of the horse drawn canal boats. The tow-path property is owned by the Waterways Board so you can moor anywhere along that side. Except in a very few places, the opposite side is also free for mooring. The choice of mooring site is almost infinite. We usually looked for an open field. This provided running room for the children and frequently a wandering herd of cows or sheep as added entertainment. We were seldom far from a farmer or a small country store where fresh dairy produce could be bought.

Life on board was comfortable. We had ample space (a forward cabin for our oldest child, a main salon for the adults, a center cockpit, and an aft cabin for the wee ones), a good double-burner butane cooker as well as hot and cold running water. The galley was outfitted with a mind toward the absence of rough water and the anticipated English clientele. Hence we were elaborately endowed with fancy chinaware and plenty of tea cups and, of course, saucers to match. This seemed the epitome of messing about in boats; being in England and cruising with a cup of tea.

Navigation was no problem. It was simply a matter of boating-by-numbers. We followed the canal taking sightings on the numbers which were boldly displayed on most of the bridges. We could then locate ourselves with the aid of the appropriate British Waterways Guide booklet. Those handy books were purchased from the hirer. We had one for the Shropshire Union Canal and another for the Llangollen Canal. These showed the canals as straight lines to simplify matters and marked all the locks and bridges, as well as the spots where fresh water was available. It also marked



the location of emergency necessities such as the pubs. (Rule Three: Don't loose your guide overboard...we did). If we had preferred accurate maps of the geography, we could have bought the British Ordnance maps 108, 109, and 110. At the time we were outfitting, we hadn't known about them. I'm sure they would have been an added pleasure, but were certainly not a necessity.

About 13 miles and six locks down the Shropshire Union Canal, we swung west into the Llangollen Canal proper. This became much narrower and extraordinarily beautiful. There were a lot of locks so we needed to pace ourselves evenly. I'd figured that sixty miles and twenty seven locks each way would be a breeze, but it required steady going. I came across a very handy suggestion in a charterer's brochure. They suggested estimating a day's travel on the basis of Lock/Miles. "This is calculated by dividing the number of locks by two and adding this to the number of miles to be travelled. Thus ten miles and four locks would be twelve Lock/Miles. A comfortable rate of progress would be three Lock/Miles each hour." I found this to be a very close estimate. You can see that the round trip of 120 miles and 54 locks would take 49 hours, which meant roughly about eight hours on the go each day for a week's trip. If one had limited time, there are charterers who run one-way service and will ferry your car to the other end (for a price I'm sure).

About 24 miles from the start of the Llangollen Canal, we passed through the first short tunnel (87 yards) and came out into the Ellesmere Lake Country, as lovely as the name is romantic. Some twelve miles further, my wife's stamina was tested by the Chirk Tunnel (459 yards long). It was a bit alarming to guide a boat through in pitch black with a half foot of leeway on either side. I had to duck my head so as not to scrape my skull, which made the going even more difficult. Leading the way through was a half-moon of light glowing at the far end. Some boats have a headlamp, but ours did not. My flashlight was a handy "aid to navigation." I could see through the tunnel well enough so that I was not worried about meeting a boat coming the other way.

The other boats one sees are a constant source of fascination for the canal cruiser. A few horse-drawn boats are still seen. They're used for the excursion trade. The "Narrow Boats" (seventy footers with a beam of about six feet) were once the domain of the commercial canal men. However, these have largely been converted into pleasure craft, yet still retain the decorative paint work which was characteristic of the gypsy-like canal society. Most of these boats are steered standing up at the afterdeck using the huge traditional "S" shaped tiller which comes up chest high.

The most exciting part of the trip was the Pontcysyllte Aquaduct. This is a 1007 foot bridge 121 feet above the ground that supports a canal full of water which you boat across. Started in 1795, it was completed ten years later. It is quite a novelty to look over the gunwale of your boat and see men playing cricket 100 ft below. Our first crossing was made with a sharp cross wind which forced the boat to scrape along the edge leaving only a lip of steel about six inches above the water level between the boat and nothing...I think my wife had her eyes tightly shut for the entire crossing. Llangollen, our destination was a traditionally "quaint" Welsh small town, which by now may have changed. After a day spent there sight-seeing, we reversed our itinerary. The return trip across the Aquaduct and through the tunnels were a little less alarming, but none the less awe inspiring.

If you ever want to try this trip, you'll have a memorable time. Should you fancy another stretch of the British canal system, there are hundreds of miles to choose from.





# Why Did the *Hunley* Disappear?

## The *Hunley* Project

The night of February 17, 1864, the Confederate submarine *H. L. Hunley* attacked and sank the *USS Housatonic* off the coast of Charleston. She then mysteriously vanished with her crew of eight. That night, history was made and a mystery was born. The *Hunley* became the first submarine ever to sink an enemy ship. But why had she suddenly disappeared? What caused her to sink? And would she ever be found?

Lost at sea for over a century, the *Hunley* was located in 1995 by author Clive Cussler and raised on August 8, 2000. The innovative hand-cranked vessel was delivered to the Warren Lasch Conservation Center, where an international team of scientists are at work to conserve the submarine for future generations and piece together clues to solve the mystery of her disappearance.

The *Hunley* Project is conducted through a partnership with Friends of the *Hunley*, the South Carolina *Hunley* Commission, Clemson University Restoration Institute, Naval History and Heritage Command, and the Charleston Naval Complex Redevelopment Authority.

For more information, call us at (843) 743-4865 ext. 14 or email [info@hunley.org](mailto:info@hunley.org). Take a Look Inside: The *Hunley*

### Crew Compartment is Slowly Emerging

It is no secret the crew compartment of the *H. L. Hunley*, the world's first successful combat submarine, was small. Conservators working to save the pioneering vessel have a new understanding of just how cramped and intimidating it must have been for the eight-man crew in 1864 when they cranked the *Hunley* into world history. Working in the small confines of the roughly 4' tall hull, scientists are using drills and small hand tools to slowly break off the concretion, a layer of sand, sediment, shells and corrosion products, that built up slowly over time while she was lost at sea for over a century. The concretion completely masked the original surface of one of maritime lore's greatest artifacts as well as many of its finer operational features.

"The work can be exhausting, but I love this job. I get to watch the submarine come out of its shell and be one of the first people to actually see the crew compartment in over a century. It is really very exciting," said Clemson University's Warren Lasch Conservation Center's Associate Director and Senior Conservator Lisa Nasanen.

### A Look Inside the Crew Compartment

The delicate effort to clean the crew compartment has already yielded some interesting finds:

#### Human Remains Found

A tooth was found in the concretion on crank position number 3, where it is believed crew member Frank Collins sat. His remains were buried in 2004 alongside his crewmates and others who lost their lives in the testing and development of the *Hunley*. At the time of his burial, several teeth were missing from his cranium. Forensic analysis of the skull indicated the teeth were lost after his death from decomposition, meaning the discovery of more human remains was not a totally unanticipated find.

From the *Hunley* Project  
With Thanks to Reader Bob Dalley  
for Alerting us to This

### Practical Design

The iron crank system was designed to address the vigorous challenges of cranking. Cranking for the length of time needed to reach the enemy target ship was strenuous work and no doubt caused muscle fatigue with blisters and sores. It appears a thin metal tube wrapped loosely around the crank allowed for easier work. The tube was then covered in a cloth material, likely meant to soften and alleviate the rub on the hands.

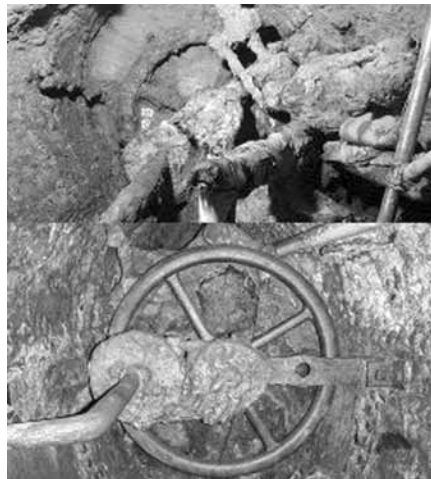


The crank before (top) and after (bottom) deconcretion.

### Operational Discoveries

Cleaning the inside is slowly offering a greater understanding of the vessel's overall operation. A complex series of features are emerging showing the *Hunley*'s design was more sophisticated and dynamic than originally thought. The flywheel that powered the propeller can now be seen as a clever piece of engineering. It has a system of different size gears that provided a positive torque ratio to turning the propeller. In another words, the complex gear system helped enhance the output of the crank-generated power, helping maximize the impact of the crew's hard work.

The flywheel before (top) and after (bottom) deconcretion.



### The Deconcretion Project

Until recently, the concretion completely covered the vessel both inside and out. It is being removed so a conservation treatment can be completed to ensure the submarine is preserved for our generation and the ones to come. It has been a multi-year process with several different phases.

First, the exterior of the submarine was cleaned of this encrustation. Then, in 2016, scientists moved their work to clearing it off the interior. They have started in the forward and aft sections of the submarine. These are the more complicated areas, holding the Captain's station and key navigational tools such as the tiller, gears and levers that controlled the rudder and dive planes.

Clemson University conservators have been chiseling away this encrustation, collecting samples along the way. They are hoping once the submarine is completely uncovered it will help offer a better understanding of the events that led to the disappearance of the submarine and her eight-man crew.

"We are finally getting to see many previously hidden details of both the hull and the mechanisms the crew used to operate the submarine the night of the attack. These new clues will likely prove essential to our investigation to understand what really happened to the *Hunley*," said Clemson Archaeologist Michael Scafuri.

Conservators work in close quarters to clean the interior of the *Hunley* submarine.

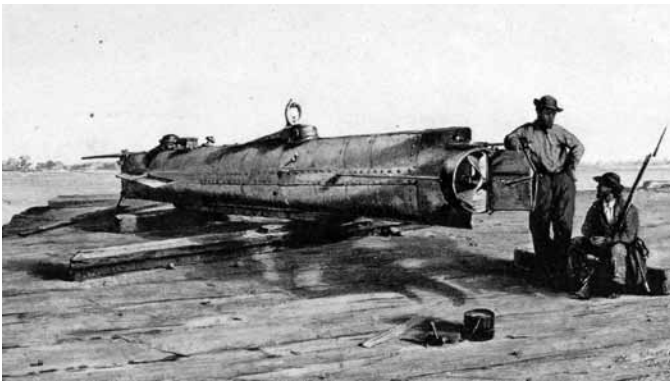
### Safety First

Given the extremely cramped confines of their workspace and other challenging logistics, the deconcretion effort has not been going as quickly as once hoped. Scientists follow a sequence that starts with draining the 75,000-gallon conservation tank which holds the submarine. Once the chemical solution is out of the tank, the *Hunley* must be covered inch-to-inch with a plastic wrap to keep it from drying out and rusting while scientists work. Before entering the tank, the team must gear up with protective body suits, gloves, goggles and respirators to protect them from dust and chemical residue.

This entire preparation process takes approximately an hour before they can even begin to get down to the work at hand. From there, they lower themselves into the submarine wearing a body harness connected to an overhead crane for safety. Then they must stay curled up on their knees or stay in other awkward positions for hours working in the small crew compartment.

The work is physically and mentally exhausting. The focus required to use pneumatic chisels and small hand tools to remove the concretion can be quite stressful. One drop of a tool or slip-of-the-hand or other mistake could cause permanent damage to the fragile, irreplaceable artifact.

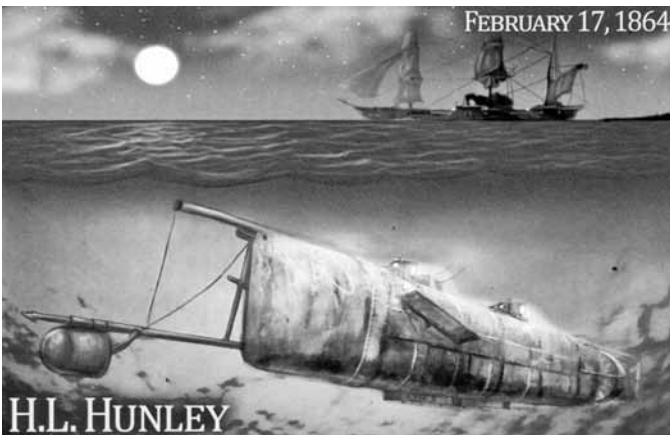
Clemson University Conservator and Collections Manager Johanna Rivera-Diaz, "We are moving slowly, but we are moving. The extent of the site preparation and then limited time windows to work on the sub can be frustrating at times. Still, at the end of the day, safety for the team and the submarine must always come first."



*Hunley on the dock awaiting launching.*

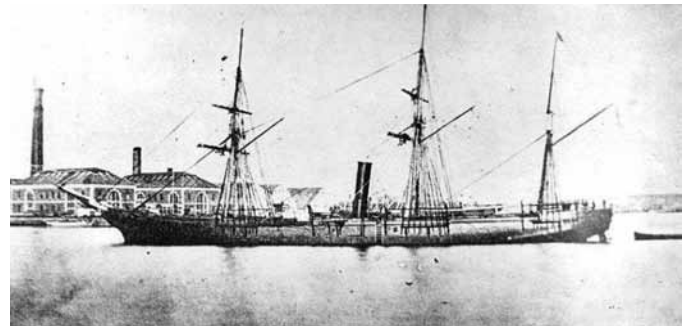
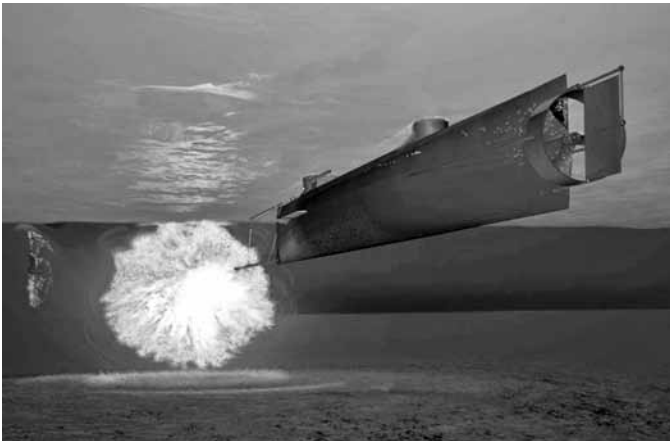


*Crew readying to board.*

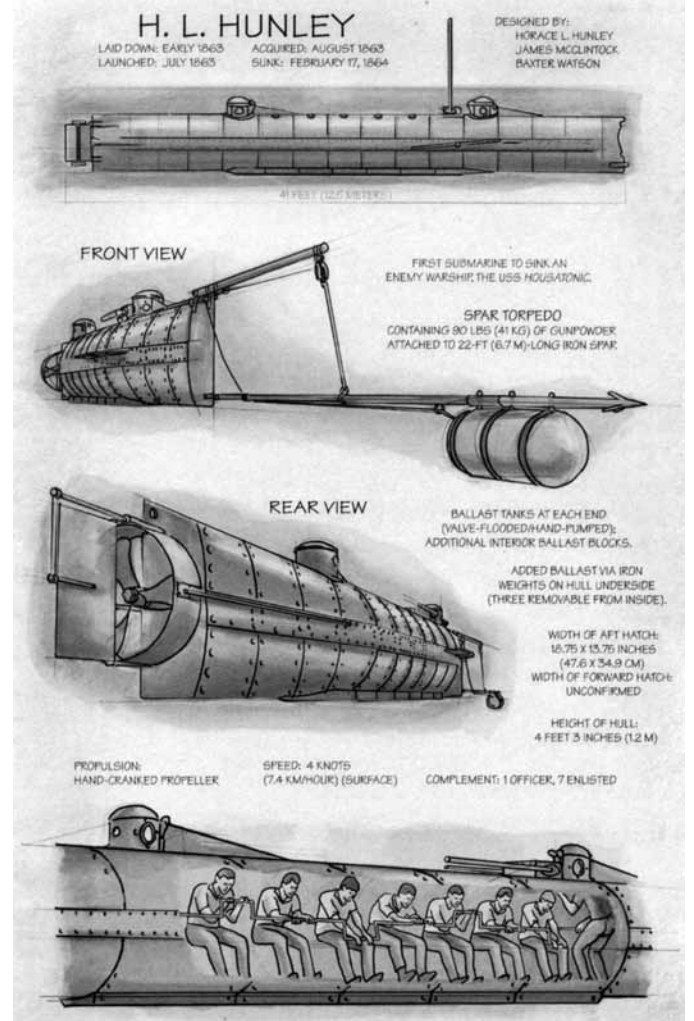


*Submerged and ready to approach *Housatonic* (in distance).*

*The torpedo explodes against the *Housatonic*'s hull*



*Canandaigua, the first Union ship to the rescue of *Housatonic* survivors.*



*Technical details of the *Hunley*.*

*The *Hunley* at rest today undergoing restoration.*



## Mystery Overview

### Why Did the **Hunley** Disappear?

The disappearance of the H. L. Hunley is one of the greatest mysteries in maritime history. Shortly after sinking the *USS Housatonic* on February 17, 1864, the Hunley vanished without a trace. For more than a century, history buffs and adventurers speculated on the legendary submarine's fate while divers searched for the wreck in the waters off Charleston. When the Hunley was found in 1995, and then raised in 2000, many hoped the answer would finally be within grasp.

The archaeological examination of the wreck has provided tremendous insight into the pioneering submarine's operation and offered many clues into the Hunley's final moments. Still, a complex puzzle has emerged with evidence sometimes creating more questions than answers. We are closer to discovering the cause for the Hunley's disappearance, but there is still no clear explanation.

Here, we have a listing of the evidence collected and some possible theories to explain why the Hunley didn't return after her mission.

### The Evidence

Here is what we know as of now...

#### Crew Remains

Archaeologists excavating the Hunley after its recovery in 2000 found the crewmembers' remains largely at their stations, with no sign of panic or desperate attempts to escape the submarine. The remains also show no new injuries, suggesting whatever happened to the Hunley was not violent enough to break the crew's bones. Since the bodies decomposed more than a century ago, any flesh or tissue wounds the crew may have experienced that night will never be known.

Looking at the forensic data in the 3D model, it becomes visually apparent there was little co-mingling of the remains and each man seems to be resting at his assigned station.

#### Hunley Location on the Seabed

One of the many reasons it took so long to find the *Hunley* was because her location was not where most expected. Searchers usually looked between the shore and the wreck of the *Housatonic*, assuming she must have been lost between those two points as the submarine attempted to return home. In fact, she was found on the sea-side of the *Housatonic*, about 1,000' (less than half a mile) from the Union ship's wreck site.

*Hunley* resting on the sea bottom. (Computer-generated graphic by Dan Dowdy).



### Damage to Submarine

When the Hunley was recovered, signs of obvious damage were noticed immediately, including a large hole in the aft ballast tank. It is tempting to look at the holes and appendages that broke away and assume they are scars remaining from the night of the historic attack. However, most of the damage happened slowly over time while the Hunley rested on the ocean floor for over a century. In fact, much of the damage to the sub is the result of unforgiving underwater currents and scouring sand.

The rudder was found detached and underneath the vessel. Based on where it was found, lying beneath the keel, it seems the rudder broke off the submarine not long after it sank.



The forward conning tower held five viewports. Captain Dixon used these to navigate and as his windows to the outside world. One of the viewports is completely missing. There is now a grapefruit-sized hole in its place. Since a broken off iron fragment from the missing view port was found in the sediment at the very bottom of the submarine, this damage could have happened very early, potentially even the night of the attack.



The hatches that sat on top of the forward and aft conning towers served as the only access points into and out of the submarine. Scientists found one hatch was locked and the other was not. The forward conning tower was found unlatched. This could be significant, but the hatch was heavy enough that it would stay sealed while the submarine was underwater and upright. The aft hatch was found locked. If the crew had been desperately trying to escape, it is reasonable to assume both hatches would have been unlatched.

### Ballast Pump Settings

When the Hunley mysteriously vanished, most students of history assumed the eight-man crew drowned. That may not be true. The pumps are still in the same position they were on the night the submarine was lost. Those settings could reveal what steps, if any, the crew may have taken to try and save their lives. A preliminary study of the pump system shows that it was not set to pump water out of the crew compartment. This discovery suggests the crew may not have drowned, but died of some other cause.



### Blackout Mode

The Hunley was in Blackout Mode when she was lost. The submarine had a series of ten topside ports that provided the crew a small measure of ambient light when the Hunley cruised on the surface. These small glass ports were equipped with iron covers that could make the ports watertight and also block any light from escaping the sub, and possibly alerting ships to their presence. These ports were all found closed.

### Historical Records

Some historical evidence suggests the Hunley did not sink immediately after the attack and light, perhaps in the forms of signals, was seen by both Union and Confederate sources. Records indicate the Hunley crew was to signal to shore if they were successful in sinking the Union warship.

Robert Flemming, a sailor on the *USS Housatonic*, was standing bow lookout watch the night the Hunley attacked. About 45 minutes after the attack, Flemming, who survived and retreated to the *Housatonic's* rigging to await rescue, said he spotted a blue light on the water just ahead of the *USS Canandaigua*, the first Navy ship to arrive on the scene.

"When the *Canandaigua* got astern, and laying athwart of the *Housatonic*, about four ships lengths off, while I was in the fore-rigging, I saw a blue light on the water just ahead of the *Canandaigua*, and on the starboard quarters of the *Housatonic*." Robert Flemming. Flemming's report of a blue light could be consistent the testimony of Confederates at Battery Marshall, who said Dixon said he would show "two blue lights" when he wanted a signal fire lit on the beach of Sullivan's Island.

In addition to Flemming's testimony, we have two others: Lieutenant Col. Dantzler at Battery Marshall reported on February 19, 1864, "The signals agreed upon to be given in case the boat wished a light to be exposed at this post as a guide for its return were observed and answered." In 1866, Jacob Cardoza recounted, "The officer (Dixon) in command told Lieutenant-Colonel Dantzler... if he came off safe he would show two blue lights. The lights never appeared."

Was Flemming the last man to see the *Hunley* for more than a century? If he was, his account could suggest a tragic end for the *Hunley*. If the submarine was "just ahead" of the *Canandaigua*, which was sailing to rescue Union sailors, it could have created a wake that toppled the submarine or hit it directly. Also, because the *Hunley* had no ports facing aft, the crew might not have even known a ship was bearing down on the submarine.

### Sediment In-filling

After the *Hunley* filled with water, sediment suspended in the water column settled along the bottom of the submarine. Analysis of the deposition of sediment indicates some additional material filling the submarine over time may have entered near the forward conning tower. The breach in the forward conning tower is the most likely source, and would explain some of the courser sediment discovered in early deposits at Dixon's station.

## Top Possible Theories

What do you think caused the *Hunley* to sink? Torpedo explosion? Trapped by the tides? Collision at sea?

The *Hunley* became the world's first successful combat submarine when it sank the *USS Housatonic* on February 17, 1864. Once the torpedo had detonated on the *Housatonic*, the submarine signaled to shore she had completed her mission and was on the way home. Confederates on shore lit a fire to help guide the submarine back to land, but instead, the *Hunley* disappeared into the sea. We may never know exactly what took place on that fateful night, but over the course of the last 150 years, there have been plenty of theories.

### #1: The Torpedo's Explosion Cripples *Hunley*

Perhaps one of the most obvious and popular theories is the explosion that caused the *Housatonic* to sink also crippled the *Hunley* by damaging the submarine or incapacitating the crew. This could very well prove to be the cause if the *Hunley* was too close to the torpedo when it detonated, which recent findings show was only about 20' away. Being this close could have caused damage to the sub, causing water to come rushing in, or the concussion could have knocked out the crew.

This theory was further advanced when the *Hunley* was recovered with several large holes in its structure visibly apparent; however, we are now learning that this damage was caused by Mother Nature. It appears most of the breaches happened a long time after the night of the attack due to the hostile underwater environment and the abrasive effects of the tides.

To account for the fact that no evidence was found to suggest the crew was desperately struggling to exit a damaged submarine to avoid drowning, the concussion theory still holds water. In this scenario, the torpe-

do's explosion didn't damage the submarine but caused a concussion strong enough to stun or knock out the crew. This would have rendered them incapable of immediately navigating home, possibly leading them to perish due to a lack of oxygen or through the inability to take any steps to save their lives.

### #2: Trapped by the Tides

Manually cranking the 40' submarine to its target over four miles offshore was hard work. To help offset the physical difficulty of the task, we know the *Hunley* crew carefully planned their mission with the tides. On the historic night, the submarine departed and rode with the ebb tide. After the attack, the crew would certainly have been exhausted and in need of rest while waiting for the tide to assist them on the journey home.

It is possible that they settled on the bottom of the sea floor to wait for the tides to shift while also avoiding potential detection and gunfire from other Union ships quickly closing in to rescue *Housatonic* survivors. While submerged, they may have miscalculated their oxygen supply and died of asphyxiation or while trying to return for some reason, the submarine may have gotten stuck on the ocean floor and unable to rise to the surface. This theory is supported by the placement of remains in the submarine and at least one exit to the submarine being locked and sealed shut. Also, a cold front causing a storm system moved through that night around the time of the attack, meaning it would have been much more difficult to crank the submarine back to land.

### #3: Collision at Sea

The *Housatonic* sank in shallow waters and many of the crew climbed up its rigging to wait for help. The first ship on the scene was the *USS Canandaigua*. During the subsequent Union inquiry into the *Housatonic*'s loss, one of its survivors, Robert Flemming, offered the following testimony: "...while I was in the fore-rigging, I saw a blue light on the water just ahead of the *Canandaigua* and on the starboard quarter of the *Housatonic*." Blue lights were the *Hunley*'s signal to shore that her mission was successful. Fleming's testimony suggests the *Hunley* did indeed survive the mission.

However, if the *Canandaigua* was moving quickly to get to the scene, she could have clipped the *Hunley* in passing. The impact created may have been undetectable by the *Canandaigua*'s crew, but deadly to the *Hunley*. The damage could have caused the *Hunley* to take on water or else to lose balance and tumble to her demise.

After seeing the surprise explosion, all the Union ships blockading Charleston Har-

bor hurriedly moved in to rescue survivors. The massive movement of ships would have created large wakes, adding tremendous volume to the already choppy waters off the coast of Charleston. The water displacement could have been hazardous for the *Hunley*.

If Dixon opened the forward hatch to replenish oxygen or to display the blue light signal, a large swell or wave could have swamped the vessel. With too much water onboard, the submarine could have been thrown off kilter or lost buoyancy.

### #4: Lucky Shot

We know the crew had a candle onboard for visibility and to help monitor oxygen levels within the sub. They also had glass port-holes along the top of the crew compartment and in the conning towers. Aware that any light emitting from the submarine could alert the enemy to their presence, the *Hunley* was prepared to go into "blackout" mode where all view ports would be covered. However, the forward conning tower's view ports were used by Captain Dixon for navigation. It would have been necessary for him to leave at least one port open so he could see outside to conduct the attack. A light gleaming through that one window may have provided a bull's eye target for Union soldiers.

Records tell us *Housatonic* sentries spotted the *Hunley* shortly before the attack and opened small arms fire on the vessel. The fragile glass in the view ports was one of the most vulnerable areas of the submarine. The Lucky Shot theory speculates Dixon himself may have been hit by gunfire through the glass port. Without a captain and with water entering the submarine from the shattered glass viewport, the crew may have been unable to make their way home.

This theory is supported by the fact that the only viewport missing from the entire submarine is on the forward conning tower by Captain Dixon's station. Also, scientists have discovered the damage to this area happened early, perhaps on the actual night of the attack in 1864.

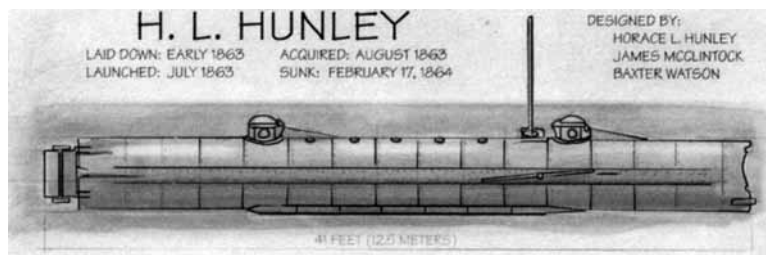
However, forensic analysis of Dixon's skeletal remains show no damage to the cranium or any other active bone wounds for that matter. But this does not rule out the possibility of wounds to soft tissue that may have incapacitated the captain. Perhaps most importantly, no bullet has been found within the submarine.

### Become a Member

Join our efforts to preserve the world's first successful combat submarine and other important maritime artifacts. Friends of the *Hunley* - (843) 743-4865 - [info@hunley.org](mailto:info@hunley.org)

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## Gray Fleet

When a destroyer runs into another ship, careers of admirals, captains, commanders, and junior officers all go spiraling down the drain because such an incident should not occur with all the radars, sonars, infrared cameras, high power binoculars, a dozen sets of eyes on the bridge, another three dozen sets of eyes on watch, and a CIC full of intelligent people surrounding all the equipment mentioned above doing their tasks. Redundancy is at an exponential level. But it happened. In June the *USS Fitzgerald* smacked *ACX Crystal* killing seven of her own crew. It will cost \$3.1 million to haul the *Fitz* back to the U.S.

The Navy brass had a popped hemorrhoid. How could this happen? As one sailor said, "I can tell you that on top of all the highest technological radar and early warning equipment, our ships have more people on deck with binoculars than the stands at a NASCAR event. I honestly can't see any legit reason this could happen."

That was in June. In August, the *USS John McCain* collided with *ALNIC MC* losing ten sailors' lives. The destroyer was on exercises between Singapore and Indonesia to annoy North Korea and generally show-the-flag in the region. Coupled with the *USS Antietam* running aground earlier this year and the *USS Lake Champlain* ramming a Korean fishing boat, the Navy Department is in a frenzied lather, and some of the Gold Braids are scurrying to cover their own sterns. The *USS America* (LH-6) was ordered to provide food, berthing, and services to 155 of the *McCain* crew.

The Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral John Richardson, called for a Fleetwide Stand Down to examine what is happening. He also fired VADM Joseph Aucoin. Although the *John McCain* was in restricted waters and surrounded with heavy traffic, it is more than nimble enough to react to a slow moving (10 knots) behemoth three times its size.

Itay Glick, a cyber expert, stated that this was too bizarre to be an accident. He strongly suggested that the ship's computers had been hacked and possibly immobilized. The *USS McCain* did indeed lose steering capacity momentarily prior to the crash; but the Navy said that the ship was under complete control at the time. Certainly Glick's comments warrant examination.

The sunken WWII cruiser *USS Indianapolis* (CA-35) wreckage has been found at a depth of 18,000', well below the oxygen levels for plant and coral growth; therefore it looks fairly pristine with no rust and the paint holding up well. The horrific story of the *Indy* is well known. After delivering the A-bomb trigger to the South Pacific, she commenced her return home voyage when she was sunk in 12 minutes by a Japanese sub, virtually on the last day of the war. Of the 1,100 crewmen, over 800 successfully abandoned ship; but the Navy forgot about her in the commotion of V-J Day. Floating helplessly in the sea, sharks and dehydration took an appalling toll. Only 316 sailors were found alive. Today a mere 19 are still alive. A former Commanding Officer of the submarine *USS Indianapolis* (SSN-697), Captain Bill Toti, called each of the 19 to tell them the news. The old cruiser holds the remains of over 300 men and is considered an American Navy cemetery.

## Rust Fleet

*ML Cheshire* found herself in dire straits



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

when her cargo of ammonium nitrate commenced to decompose releasing poison gases and heat. Spanish Coast Guard immediately evacuated the crew and kept watch on the merchant vessel. Originally the problem was contained in two holds; however, as the decomposition continued it spread to three additional holds. The Spanish Coast Guard will eventually de-gas the ship and move it into port. At this point the ship is not allowed in Spanish waters.

*DL Marigold* made her mark in history, or rather in infamy, when she was expelled from New Zealand. Her hull below the waterline was caked with a dense profusion of invasive barnacles and tubeworms. Under new international rules, hulls can be checked for inappropriate species, and tossed out of territorial waters if in violation of laws. *DL Marigold* is the first such ship to be ejected. New Zealand's coasts are extremely sensitive and vulnerable to biofouling, and divers found the ship totally unacceptable in New Zealand or Fiji waters. A UN commission claims that encrusted hulls account for 35% of all aquatic invasive species.

Last month "Over The Horizon" reported on the sinking of the *PSV Maersk Searcher* and the *Maersk Shipper*. The report on the incident left plenty of questions and concerns, starting with the plans for towing these ships to the scrapper. One method was to tow the boats in a single line with two winches. One ship follows the other but connected to the tow separately. Another plan has the trailing ship connected to the lead vessel that is then tied to the tow. The plan they used was to tow the two derelicts side-by-side. This caused the ships to bang into each other repeatedly eventually piercing the hull of one of the ships that sank in about ten minutes pulling her sister ship under simultaneously. The tow was conned by a "trainee". The Superintendent of this operation was fired.

While the U.S. pulls out of the Paris Agreement on pollution, Germany's government is funding LNG fueled ships. They paid for the conversion of the 1000-TEU container ship *Wes Amelie* at the German Dry Dock in Bremerhaven. The ship's engines were retrofitted to a 51/60 DF dual fuel engine.

Wartsilla, the huge Finnish shipbuilder, announced that it would supply Germany with LNG engines with selective catalytic reduction systems for exhaust cleaning. This technology is necessary for LNG run ships that make long voyages.

Hurricane Harvey was not the only storm causing havoc. Typhoon Hato hammered Hong Kong forcing rescuers to evacuate 40 sailors from distressed ships. This was followed by Tropical Storm Pahkar hitting the same area sinking the *Hong Tai 176*.

*Signant Enterprise*, a tug working in the Houston area was among the first commercial boats to sink because of Hurricane Harvey. The Coast Guard, Navy, and Air Force literally worked around the clock rescuing

people whose homes were inundated by over 50" of rain. The ports of Galveston and Houston will be a mess for years.

Product tanker, *Kamome Victoria*, firmly grounded near the Verrazano Narrows Bridge in New York. Carrying over 370,000 gallons of fuel, she managed to avoid injuries or pollution. Divers checked the hull, propulsion and rudder before the USCG allowed her to leave, which she did upon re-floating on high tide.

*Maritime Executive* suggests reading seven books to understand the maritime industry better:

1. *The Docks* by Bill Sharpston. An overall perspective about ports and business in them.

2. *The Box*: how the shipping container made the world smaller and the world economy bigger by Marc Levinson. As written before, the shipping container has transformed and reduced costs of shipping.

3. *Port Management* by Maria G. Burns. Another look at ports.

4. *Port Business* by Jurgen Sorgenfrei. Analysis of small versus large ports.

5. *The Travels of a T-Shirt in the Global Economy* by Pietra Rivoli. The author shows how much international business goes into a t-shirt from gathering the cotton to the shelf of a store.

6. *The Shipping Man* by Matther McCleery. The story about a wealthy hedge fund manager who purchased a freighter and ultimately lost everything.

7. *Ninety Percent of Everything*: Inside shipping the indivisible industry that puts clothes on your back, gas in your car, and food on your plate, by Rose George. An overall look at the shipping industry.

## Small Boats

Mercury Marine wanted to show off to the editor of *Boating Magazine* by taking him on a short trip up the Hudson River at a mere 103mph. Merc's fastest V bottom boat, the *Outer Limits* SV-4-1350 actually can hit 160mph. Mercury's QC 4-1650 set the record at 180.47mph. So much for a leisurely ride along the river to look at eagles and bluffs.

Great news for boaters and sailors of all shapes and sizes (and their boats too): *Ashley's Book of Knots* is now in the public domain. You can go to [Archieve.org](http://Archieve.org) to discover the wide world of knots the way they are supposed to be tied. Having slept through marlinspike classes in Boot Camp, I know how to tie a granny with ease, and Mom taught me to tie a bowknot for my shoes. Senior Chief Boilermaker Ashley (no relation) gently and warmly taught me how to tie a square knot for my dress blues neckerchief, and then made me sew it tight so it would NEVER, EVER come undone. It is still exactly the same as it was 48 years ago; but now it resides at the Eastern Iowa Veteran's Museum. This is great news, especially for us who sit around all winter doing nothing but dreaming about summer sailing.

Christopher Cunningham shows how to build a milling sled to create small stock piece from limbs that have fallen down due to wind and storms. His article, photos, and a short video can be seen through *Small Boats Monthly* on the Internet. He makes it look easy; but since I failed Woodworking 101 in Continuing Education, I know it is harder than it looks. Nevertheless, for those of you who like to make doodads from wood, this warrants a view.



Did you know that the rubber thing that the bandsaw blade runs on is called a "tire"? I know, I blew a couple of them last year, only to discover my machine is so old that they don't carry tires for it anymore. Thank God for the Internet where you can find anything.

### Sea Stuff

Cooke's Aquaculture salmon pen collapsed allowing the escape of over 305,000 fish, some weighing over 10lbs. Washington State officials were very critical of Cooke's operation, maintaining that the pen failure permitted excessive feed waste to pollute the waterways. Cooke's countered that significantly high tides caused the mess. Critics counter-claimed that there were no high tides. Sounds like lower level politicians are practicing for the Big Time.

*Hokule'a*, a Polynesian double-hulled canoe finished her 47,000-mile circumnavigation when she tied up at homeport Honolulu. A 62' long 12.5 ton replica of a traditional voyaging canoe, this boat is the result of a remarkable explosion of knowledge regarding ancient canoes and navigation concepts. *Hokule'a* is Hawaiian for *Star of Gladness*, referring to the zenith star Arcturus. Building this craft started with a comprehensive search for traditional wood boat builders. If building this craft was traditional, navigating her was blatantly archaic. The sailors used no charts, sextants, compasses, GPS, or other modern equipment; but rather, they used observations of the sea surface, motions of waves and swells, stars and the sun, cloud patterns, and bird recognition. The 72' *Kikianaia* followed her for a portion of the journey, and it did have modern solar powered devices on board.

*National Geographic*, clearly a purveyor of fake news and leftist leanings, has an online series of photographs supposedly evidence of oceanic pollution. Those massive piles of junk on the Barrow, Alaska beach cannot be possible. We all know that people along coasts do not toss plastic bags, bottles, and other non-degradable trash into the seas. The pictures had to be of a landfill site. The alleged pictures of thousands of cod caught in nets used for other fishing had to be photo-shopped. Worse, the photos of the Arctic sea ice in a "death-spiral" must be time lapsed pictures because we have been so told by the White House.

Sarcasm aside, I remain stunned at the indifference and enormous insouciance of officials dealing with such overwhelming issues as pollution, infrastructure failure, chronic and constant economic fraud (thank you, Wells Fargo), and deteriorating cooperation with other nations on international issues like trade and all of the above. While knowledge is exponentially expanding, our reactions to issues remain steadfastly unchanging. One example: in 2008 our city was inundated with a flood 32' over flood stage. Literally (not figuratively) billions of dollars were thrown in our direction. Millions were spent on a new library, a new city hall, a new federal building, a new arena, a new hotel, a new boutique area, and a new park; but the city has yet to provide meaningful flood protection. We have had both Democrat and a Republican mayors. Lots of people made lots of money. I believe that the SYIGM theory of economics was in full-force. FYI: SYGIM= Screw You, I Got Mine.

After Hurricane Harvey, Quebec's Minister for International Relations, Chris-

tine St. Pierre, called the Texas Secretary of State, Rolando Pablos, with offers of medical equipment, blankets, and hydro crew; but her offer was refused. Mr. Pablos evidently felt that the specific offers were not needed in Texas. What the good Texan did not foresee was the Canadian feelings of insult that resulted in the refusal. One Canadian newspaper headlined, "God help Texas because Canada sure won't."

Evidently there was much confusion as to what specifically was offered by Quebec and what Houston needed, and noses were out of joint in the North and in the South. It took some serious State Department diplomacy to clarify the subject. In the end, Texas requested "prayers" and Quebec sent hygiene kits. French Canadians and Texans had a misunderstanding? It is hard to believe.

### White Fleet

The Canadian government and the cruise lines are locking horns over speed limits. Quebec has a speed limit of 10 knots in waters North of Prince Edward Island that is supposed to protect the Right Whales that have been killed by hit-and-runs with the Big Boats. The return salvo included elimination of stops at Gaspé and Sanguenay. The *Silver Whisper* cancelled port calls and ferry lines followed suit. Speeding tickets for ships are in the range of \$25,000 but that is in Canadian money.

Harvey left a plethora of cruise ships that were supposed to dock in the Houston area stranded in the Gulf of Mexico. Supposedly, over 20,000 vacationers were enjoying the sights and sounds of the Gulf instead of heading home. Royal Caribbean re-routed their ships to Miami, a trip that will take several days and really muck up transportation for individuals. Many of the passengers have their

cars parked on ramps back in Houston, ramps that cannot be reached at this time. Several sea cruises that were to originate in Houston have been cancelled as well. Sometimes people forget that when they go to sea they are at the mercy of the sea. It isn't Disneyland.

A passenger aboard an unidentified cruise liner filmed terrific 40' waves slamming the ship. Sticking his camera to a port on the 4th deck he clearly videotaped waves well below and then well above his position. The old rule of thumb is that if you look out your port and see white water, you are just fine; if you see blue water, you'll probably be okay; if you see black water, you're dead.

The *Norwegian Sky* slammed violently near the Strait of Juan de Fuca injuring 16 passengers. The ship immediately listed to such an extent that the dining room tables toppled, perfumes and glass cases in the Duty Free Shop smashed, and "things were flying all over the place." According to ABC News. Badly shaken people as well as the injured, several with broken bones, were evacuated. The Captain told Canadian Coast Guard he was forced into making a drastic maneuver in difficult water. Later he said that he was having rudder problems. Norwegian Lines maintained that the autopilot became accidentally disengaged slamming the rudders immediately to the side. The Canadian Coast Guard will have an interesting investigation.





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## Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

### Colonial Shipbuilding on the Delaware River

By Carl Weissinger

Supposedly, Henry Hudson sailing for the Dutch in his ship the *Half Moon*, peeked into the Delaware Bay early in the seventeenth century. Finding it too treacherously shoal, however, he sailed on to what was to become New York harbor. The Swedes soon followed, settling primarily in Delaware building the first two ships on Coopers' Island as well as a yacht for Governor Prinz. Some Swedes who had settled above New Castle in what was to become Philadelphia built the *Glob* in 1676.

Then in 1682 William Penn arrived with the first group of Quakers and German pietists. He was the son of Vice Admiral William Penn, one of the chief administrators of the British Navy. The admiral had loaned the king 16,000 pounds and the tract of land, "Pennsylvania", was given in payment of this debt.

William Penn settled on Philadelphia as the site for his "towne" because it had the deepest water close to land. Penn, having been raised by an admiral, was acutely aware of the importance of ships and deliberately recruited two master shipwrights for his new colony. Realizing that shipbuilding is an interconnected industry he knew other related trades would be necessary. To that end, he recruited boatwrights, rope makers, sailmakers, block or pulley makers and trunnion or treenail makers as well as coopers to fashion the barrels to hold his ships' cargoes. Other services grew. For example, the Germans of Germantown were specialists in growing, processing and weaving flax for clothing and pressing oil from the seeds of linseeds.

To aid in the shipbuilding business, Penn stipulated to his farmers that one in five

of their acres were to be left forest and all the oak trees suitable for shipbuilding were his property. He also sent his two sons, William and Springett to England to learn the shipwrights' trade.

When the shore proved too shallow for ships, he built piers out into the river which were effectively roofless log cabins filled with stone and earth and which were then paved over. A crane and warehouse were built on the major pier. Initially Philadelphia shipbuilding extended down to Dock Street but very early on merchants pushed the industry south to Southwark and north to the Kensington districts of the nascent city.

Penn became the silent partner of shipwright James West who set up his business at what is now the foot of Vine Street. West paid for his yard by building Penn a ship named the *Amity*. The other shipwright, Bartholomew Penrose, also partnered with Penn and set up his own yard. These two built 150 ton ships. To give you an idea of how large the ships were, the pilgrims *Mayflower* was a 180 ton ship.

By 1700, boats were in great demand as the river was the main road of transportation for the early colony. Penn himself had a multi-oared galley to convey him to and from his home, Pennsbury Manor. Business continued to grow and there were now four shipyards in Philadelphia.

In addition to skilled workers, Penn required infusions of capital to develop his city. He encouraged the creation of the Free Society of Traders, a joint-stock company

founded by a small group of English Quakers in 1681. This company of elite merchants, landowners, and personal associates were granted special concessions in order to direct the economy of the young colony. One of their ventures was to build whale boats for the early whaling industry in Cape May.

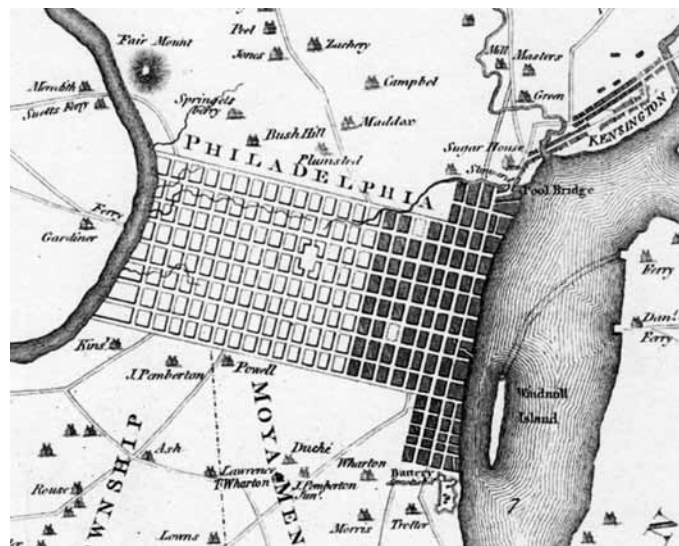


Pennsbury Manor.

At this time, English ships were built almost exclusively of oak and it appears that this was much the same for these early colonial ships as logs 50'-60', clear of knots could be obtained. Some timber was shipped to England but the availability of material and lower labor costs made the colonial ships much cheaper. While some ships were commissioned, many were built on speculation, sailed to England and sold, a practice which continued throughout the eighteenth century.

As to woods, frames were generally of white oak but it appears that by the 1700s some yards were importing live oak from Georgia for structural members. Mulberry and laurel were also used as well as hickory and locust for trunnions to affix the planking

Original plan for the City of Philadelphia. Southwark is located south of the original city and was the initial site of the Navy Yard.

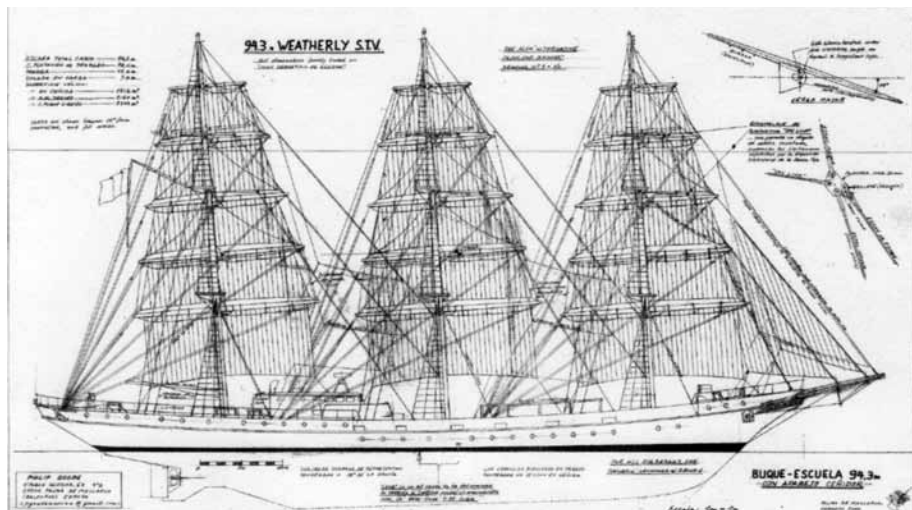


Gundalow type carried freight.



to the frames. One source cites red cedar for planking but eastern red cedar is more a bush than a tree with lots of knots so I suspect they meant hard heart or red pine which yielded terrific lengths and widths for planking. These trees could grow to 250' in height and 5' in diameter. This wood can still be seen in the floors of colonial Philadelphian houses. It is extremely dense and rot resistant although somewhat laborious to work. Masts at this time were generally of white pine. Whether that was locally sourced or from New England I do not know.

So what kind of ships were they building? Basically, they were three-masted square rigged ships from 80-150 tons with the occasional 300 tonner, all build for transatlantic crossings. Until 1740, these ships generally carried a lateen triangular sail on the stern on the mizzenmast. The next category were two masted brigantines and snows of about 50 tons in size. A snow sets its stern driver on a separate mast joist aft of the stern mast so technically it is three-masted. Schooners came next averaging about 50 tons. The smallest of all the ships built were the single-masted sloops of 25 tons, the smaller ships being for intracoastal trade.



By 1766, of the ships in Philadelphia, 3/8 were owned by Philadelphians, 3/8 by British ship owners and 2/8 by Europeans either on the continent or in the Caribbean. Philadelphians were not the only ones exploiting colonial timber resources and fully one-half of the British ships were colonial made, many in Massachusetts.

As to their lading, flour and wheat were the foremost cargoes followed by timber, flaxseed, furs and lots of barrel staves. Salted meats, pork and beef, black walnut for fine furniture and pig iron were prominent cargoes. Ships which went abroad often sailed first to the Caribbean picking up a cargo of rum, molasses, and sugar. They then sailed on to England, sold their wares and brought manufactured goods back to the Philadelphia. This was termed the triangular trade. There was also a significant trade with Spain and Portugal for wine. How large was the trade? By 1776, there were 3,241 vessels wholly or partially owned by Philadelphians. By 1790, annual shipments totaled 120,000 tons.

With the coming of the American Revolution, production turned to warships and privateers. The later seemed to have been on the borrowed pattern of the Baltimore clipper. The initial river defenses were provided by

the Pennsylvania Navy on Benjamin Franklin's initiative. Many gunboats and floating batteries were built. The Continental Congress then appropriated money for the building of five frigates; the 32 gun *Washington*; the 32 gun *Randolph*; the 28 gun *Effingham*; the 24 gun *Delaware* and the *Saratoga*.

So how did they fare? The *Washington* was burnt by the British before she was launched. The *Randolph* blew up when in action with the 64 gun *HMS Yarmouth*. We ourselves burnt the *Effingham* so that she wouldn't be captured. The *Delaware* grounded on the shoals in the lower river and was captured. Lastly, the *Saratoga* was lost at sea with all hands. A bit inglorious to say the least. Philadelphia's shipwrights were also instrumental in building Benedict Arnold's gunboats for the battle of Valcour Island on Lake Champlain. One of the three-cannon gunboats is housed at the Smithsonian Institute and a replica is at Vergennes, Vermont.

After the war, Philadelphians were the first Americans to begin trading with China and India shipping among other goods, ginseng, a forest root used for medicinal purposes. A new class of ships with elaborate finishes were built by the yards of Hum-

phreys and Wharton for this venture. Humphreys went on to design the heavy frigates of the war of 1812. The first of which, the *United States*, took the British frigate *Macedonian*. She was thought to be the heaviest, hence slowest of this class and was referred to as *Old Wagon*. Her frames were of live oak with white oak planking. Usage of live oak had begun before the war and gave her the same exceptional strength as the *Constitution* or *Old Ironsides*.

This is a brief summary of colonial shipbuilding in Philadelphia. While at times employing 10% of the city's population, the nineteenth century saw a turn to manufacturing with coal-fired power as the more attractive investment for the city's capital, although ship building continues even today at the Navy yard.

A few final observations: Throughout the century, the owners of the various shipyards seem to have operated more as a cartel. They were all members of the Craft Guild Shipwrights Company which ran an apprentice school and maintained a library of British ship construction books. They would also provide or lend each other workers or timber when another was in need. It's interesting also to note how ancient certain names

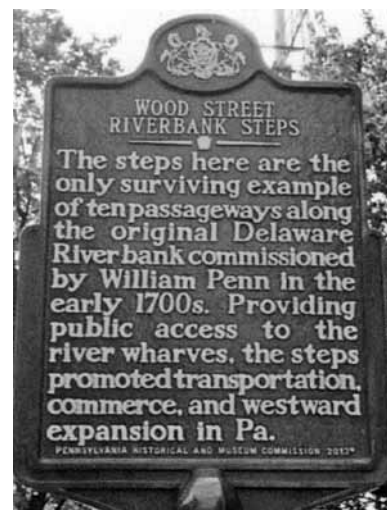
are still in use today. For example, Penrose, which resurfaces as the name of the bridge over the Schuylkill River on the way to the airport. The name Wharton (the University of Pennsylvania's Business School) first appeared in the mid-eighteenth century. Some colonial businesses continue today. The ancestors of Thompson's Mahogany and McIlvain's Hardwoods were both supplying timber in the 1700s.

Another interesting fact, which kept coming up in my research, was that the Delaware River froze over for 4-9 weeks every winter in the eighteenth century stopping all shipping industry. At one point consideration was given to moving the entire port to New Castle, DE, which is closer to the sea and more saline and would eliminate this problem. There were also continual issues with silting and it was not until the 1770s when a dredge was developed that this difficulty could begin to be addressed.

And, finally, it is important to keep in mind that there are gaps in our knowledge concerning this topic and era. Firstly, words and their meaning have changed over time. For example, when an eighteenth century man wrote that he had shipped so many barrels of corn, in fact he meant wheat as that was how it was referred to at that time. I suspect this might also be true of red cedar. Secondly, paper on which records might be kept was very expensive. It was either made from rags at a tiny mill in the Wissahickon Creek in Germantown or had to be imported. Thirdly, few could read or write. This continued into more modern times. My master in the boatyard in 1967 had dropped out of school in the third grade and my first job every day was to read him the newspaper.

The colonial period is also the era in which history was the stuff of great men's doings so that there was little thought of what posterity might want to know of mere craftsmen's work. Finally, reading and writing were not always necessary in colonial shipbuilding as most ships were built from carved half models from which dimensions were taken. There were no naval architect hull specifications or detailed drawings except in the British Admiralty.

Finally, history is all around us in Philadelphia. Walk to the right as you exit the Liberty clubhouse where TSCA meets. Look for the historic interest sign as you walk down the street. Across from the sign are the wharf steps that have survived from the colonial shipbuilding era.



*Grub* is a flat-bottomed camp aboard skiff derived from Phil Bolger's Clam Skiff. *Grub* is 21' long and 5'7" at the waterline, with 6" of rocker beginning at 8' from the bow. It is flat bottomed with a 1-3/4"x16" V keel running the length of the hull. Adding the keel did great things for running in a chop. I love the boat, and my wife and I go out to the mooring in the evening almost every week in the summer if the weather allows, have a drink sitting on the stern, eat dinner, and sleep aboard, just for the pleasure of it.

Nantucket harbor can develop a sea when the wind blows from the southwest, across a 4-mile stretch of open water and we can then get an idea of how our boat behaves in larger waves and confused seas. Thinking that some day we might want to make some longer trips, say to Martha's Vineyard, or beyond to Long Island Sound, NYC and the Hudson River, I began to think that the slab sides of *Grub* were perhaps not well suited to rougher water.

Dave Lucas of Tiki Hut fame was a short while ago effusing about the merits of a garvey being built at his place, the Big Ben from Doug Hylan. I sent for plans, with the idea of taking my whole cabin setup out of *Grub* and setting it in the new hull. I wrote Doug and proposed the idea of traveling some sea distance in Big Ben, and he wrote back that as long as I slowed down in rough water, Big Ben would be up to the task. He also described it as "corky", which really got my attention. OK! Would it be worth the trouble? Would it add a lot of weight? How do I go about adding flare to a boat?

## Adding "Flare" to *Grub*

By Tom David



First I glued a batten on the existing gunwale, 3/8" lower than the top. Then I added pieces 3/8" thick 4-1/2" inch wide to the gunwale, and added a 3/4" stringer along the new gunwale.



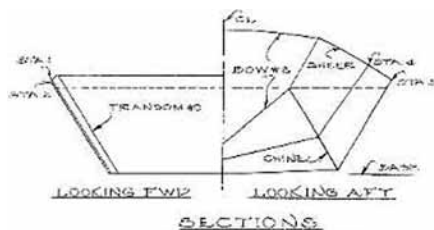
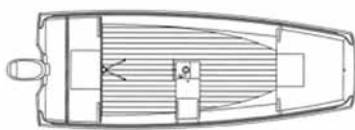
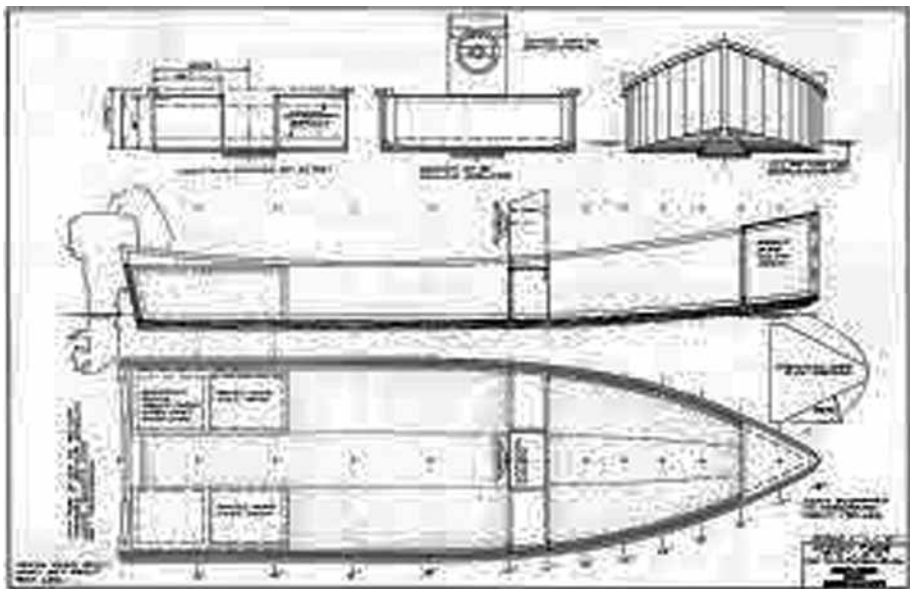
The natural extension of the battens past the previous bow resulted in the new bow shape and the new stem. The stem took a lot of cutting and fitting and discarding and starting again.



I settled on 1/4" okoume for the side panels, in 2' sections, with 1-1/2" wide 3/8" thick battens in between the panels. I glued angled stringers to the hull bottom that would allow the side panels to just touch the old hull.



The detail at the motorboard was complex. Really helpful is the trick of dabbing circles of glass at corners to get a smooth waterproof edge.





I trial fit all the panels, cut them roughly to size, and worked my way along the boat. Here is the almost completed new hull.



To reattach the cleats, and to get at the space between the new and old hulls, I added hatch plates on the bow, sides and stern. When the panels were all attached but before the stern panels were on, I poured new epoxy in the bow hatch and let it run all the way to the stern to seal the hull to panel joint. I covered the new hull with 6 oz. glass, and painted with acrylic.

After: *Grub* with flare.



Here is the finished product. The new hull added 96lbs. to *Grub*, offset by removing some ballast from the bow. *Grub* seems very different now in rough water, a little drier, more "corky", more controllable, more fun. I think it is prettier too.

Before: *Grub* without flare.



I'll be trading in the 30hp Tohatsu for a 50hp this fall. My hope is that more power at the slow speeds I favor will give an even quieter ride, and better maneuverability when I need it.

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As the episode opens today, here I am in the cockpit of the O'Day Mariner using *Dancing Chicken's* new worktable to build the sections of the arches for the cockpit winter cover. I figure that she wouldn't mind my doing this, since she would undoubtedly agree that it's a good idea to try to make sure that the place where I plan to help her to come to full 3-D reality won't get scrunched by snow.

While working on this, I had occasion to reflect on the question: "So what about those intervening summers? Was the O'Day Mariner left totally abandoned, forsaken and forlorn?" Pondering this question later I remembered that one of those summers was the one during which I stayed home from the Searsport Fourth of July rowboat races so that I could raise the headroom for the cockpit enclosure. It had been only 4'. I tried to raise it to 6', but after 5' or so, I found out, things seem to start to get awkward for some reason. So then I tried to just shoot for about 5-1/2'. Actually, I ended up with slightly under 5'. This miscalculation might have been partly attributable (or I like to think so, because I'd like to have an excuse) to the fact that at some point during the modification I got hit on the head by a two-by-four, which can apparently throw off one's calculations a bit.

On one other occasion, during the 2015 fall semester at school it got very warm. I was in there under the cockpit cover, trying to do homework when I realized I'd better do something about the heat in there. I had improvised a ventilation hatch in the stern, but I hadn't yet figured out how to get one to work for the bow, so no cross ventilation was happening. As I puttered around trying to figure something out, I suddenly realized that I'd better get out of there right away. So I did. Then I went back down to the Terry camper and did my homework there. Off and on during that semester I thought about the O'Day Mariner. But CIS 240 (Networking Concepts) and procrastination have a way of nibbling away at one's time and... Oh, well. That was then and this is now.

So now I have improvised ventilation hatches at bow and stern, and also I remembered a strategy I used while working inside Criddle Griesenspork (my dome). Simply by spreading white bedsheets over the top, I could mitigate the effects of the solar radiation to a noticeable and useful degree.

So here I am, puttering about, utilizing various methods I have collected over the years for dealing with various contingencies. So far so good. But then I ran into another one of those little conundra. Actually, I had been aware of this one for quite some time, since it had impacted the old design as well. In fact, I was still working on trying to solve it when I came up with the new design. So of course, there it still was, staring up at me from *Dancing Chicken's* worktable, and reminding me of a poem either written or quoted by Walt Kelly (and more recently by Jill and Hal Keen, ([www.hjkeen.net/halqn\\_kelly5.htm](http://www.hjkeen.net/halqn_kelly5.htm))).

"The gentle journey jars to stop. The drifting dream is done. The long gone goblins loom ahead; The deadly, that we thought were dead, Stand waiting, every one."

O.K., O.K., that may sound a bit more Gothic in tone than that which might seem fitting, under the circumstances. But at that point, I was perceiving that if I couldn't resolve this one factor, then maybe there would go my possibility of developing a truly viable solution to the problem of get-

## Dancing Chicken

### A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

#### Part X

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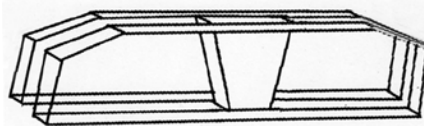
ting something happening that would really work to have this structure shaped up when the weather started to do things that weather does in Maine during the winter.

The factor in question was that no matter how rigid the arch halves were in themselves, half arches apparently have an inherent tendency to keep tipping over sideways. Fastening them firmly at top and base might seem to be one answer. However, in my attempts to do so, not only did I not come up with what I saw as a truly viable solution, but that sideways dynamic was always still there, waiting, so to speak, for the right moment to strike.

Looking back, I can see how obvious the solution was, and how often I have seen pictures of what I needed in history books, adventure movies, etc. I've since reflected upon the patience of the Designer of physics. If I had been watching me not see the obvious solution I don't like to think how frustrated I probably would have been. But then I remember saying to myself: "Gloria, Duh! Keystone!"

Then of course, the concept had to be adapted for use with spruce laths. That up with which I came seems to be working. I'm calling it "The Keystone Clamp". As goofy (and as dynamically contradictory, as one person has stated) it sounds, I'm hugely tickled with it. This might be partly, I suppose, because I was so (well, I guess I've already described that sufficiently) right before I saw it, that the relief at suddenly perceiving a possibly viable solution might partially explain or excuse the intensity of the chortlings that followed.

Here it is. I've drawn this Microsoft Paint drawing of it as though it was fabricated from 3/8" clear plastic to make it easier to see what's going on. It's not to scale, but hopefully it conveys the idea (there are also a couple of screws which go through all three pieces).



One end of each half arch slides in on each side and butts up against the sides of the "keystone". At this point, it apparently understands that it's an arch. Later, I'll probably add very small diameter bolts in those side pieces. Why bolts? I guess mostly because I ruled out trying to work overhead driving screws with a manual screwdriver (there are probably other advantages to bolts as well.).

So on we go, attempting to get *Dancing Chicken's* nest constructed before it snows. Someone might wonder why I refer to a "nest" and not some other enclosure or structure more familiarly associated with chickens such as a "coop". Thereby hangs a tale.

At one point during my putterings I took a break and called a friend who had just received some disquieting news: "Shall I spin you a yarn to cheer you up?" I asked. Receiving what I assessed as an affirmative, I regaled her with an apocryphal explanation

of the origin of *Dancing Chicken's* original namesake. I was later strongly enjoined by said friend to include that narrative here, so I did. In this account, Dancing Chicken did not live in a coop because she was a free range chicken. Very free range. Did someone ask, "How free range was she"? Well...

On the farm where she was raised, there were so many chickens that the farmer and his wife (who were otherwise very nice people) not only did not know all their names, but they didn't even know how many chickens they had. So it was relatively easy for Esmeralda (for that was her name) to slip away one evening with her close friend and companion, Marmaduck (with acknowledgements and high regards to Brad Anderson, the creator of you-know-who).

Marmaduck was a good companion to have, because aside from being an all-around nice guy, he was also widely read (and not just the weekday and Sunday funnies) and he had availed himself of an opportunity provided by the odds and ends piled up by one of the back windows of the farmer's house. By ascending carefully, he could reach the level of the window. Through this window, Marmaduck could see directly over the shoulder of the farmer in his den as he surfed and did research on the internet. It was thereby possible to amass a pretty hefty and very useful chunk of information.

Esmeralda and Marmaduck headed for a nearby seaport town. Utilizing Marmaduck's careful and canny strategizing, they had already survived quite some time when one evening Marmaduck excitedly told Esmeralda: "There's a building down the street from which you can hear music. I think it's what they call a 'piano bar'. Stealthily they made their way inside, out of sight behind various pieces of furniture including the piano. Then at just the right moment, she leaped from a stack of old, broken chairs onto the piano.

She knew that her timing must be perfect, and that she had not only to grab the attention of the crowd, but to grab the right kind of attention immediately, which she did, as she broke into an energetic and extremely well executed Charleston. The crowd went wild. They laughed and cheered. They threw money. This happened over enough consecutive nights (of course Esmeralda divided everything with the piano player and with Marmaduck) that Esmeralda began to be quite well off.

After a conference, Marmaduck and Esmeralda decided to open a restaurant. To compensate the piano player for the loss of his dancer, he was of course entitled to free meals at breakfast, lunch, and (the only one up at which he usually showed, of course) dinner. If you are ever in that little seaport town, be sure to stop in at the "Dancing Chicken". The food is plain but very good, and the ambiance is delightful. It is at present being managed by Marmaduck, who hopes any day now to receive a postcard from Esmeralda who sailed off into the sunset in search of that special island.

"I hope she finds it", Marmaduck is often heard to say, and then, somewhat wistfully: "I hope she finds it very soon." So meanwhile, here I sit, busy with my little project. Will *Dancing Chicken's* "nest" be ready before the snow flies?

We shall see.

## Shipwrights Start Next Phase of *Edna E. Lockwood* Restoration

Boatyard Manager Michael Gorman reports that a major step has been made in the historic restoration of 1889 bugeye, *Edna E. Lockwood*, with her existing topsides lifted by crane to sit directly above her new nine-log hull. *Edna E. Lockwood* represents the last of her kind, as the oldest historic log-hull bugeye still under sail.

In mid-September, the topsides were successfully transferred to sit just above the new hull, which shipwrights finished shaping earlier this year. At the same time, *Edna's* original 1889 hull was moved to the other side of CBMM's campus, where it will eventually be put on display.

The next phase in the restoration will see shipwrights begin the process of marrying the two sections of the boat, and jacking the bottom up to meet frames. New stems, hatches, additional structure will also be installed this fall, and sails will be sent out to have new ones made.

The team is restoring *Edna E. Lockwood* by replacing her nine-log hull, in adherence to the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation. Shipwright apprentices working on the project are generously supported by the Seip Family Founda-



## CBMM News



A look between the 1889 log hull of *Edna Lockwood* and her topsides as shipwrights begin to lift her by crane.

tion and the RPM Foundation. All work takes place in full public view through 2018, when *Edna* will be placed on the marine railway and launched at CBMM's OysterFest in October.

To keep up with the project, including progress update videos, visit [ednalockwood.org](http://ednalockwood.org). For more on the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, go to [cbmm.org](http://cbmm.org).



Seip Family Foundation Shipwright Apprentice Spencer Sherwood helps slide a steel beam, on loan from Chesapeake Shipbuilding of Salisbury, through *Edna E. Lockwood*. Such beams were used to help lift *Edna's* topside from her existing hull in September, a major step in the historic restoration.



*Edna Lockwood's* original 1889 nine-log hull is moved by across the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum boatyard after being separated for the bugeye's topsides. It will sit on display on the other side of CBMM's waterfront campus.



Boatyard Manager Michael Gorman, far right, looks on as *Edna Lockwood's* topside is lifted from its 1889 log hull to sit atop the new one constructed by him and his team of shipwrights and apprentices.

## Women's Woodworking



The Museum is offering a womenonly intermediate woodworking class in its boatshop from Friday, November 3, through Sunday, November 5, and Saturday, November 11, through Sunday, November 12, from 10am to 4pm each day. Participants should plan to attend all five sessions.

Led by Boatyard Programs Manager Jennifer Kuhn, this woodworking opportunity will teach participants to build a stool,

focusing on the importance of layout and good joinery, while deepening their understanding of woodworking. Basic tools and materials are provided. Prior, woodworking experience is required, with class size limited and advanced registration needed at [bit.ly/CBMMBoatshopPrograms](http://bit.ly/CBMMBoatshopPrograms).

The cost for this fiveday workshop is \$250 for CBMM members or \$275 for non-members. Participants must be 16 years of age or older, unless accompanied by an adult. For more details, contact Jenn Kuhn at (410) 7454980 or [afad@cbmm.org](mailto:afad@cbmm.org).

## *Pintail* Launched It's For Sale



Museum staff and Apprentice for a Day (AFAD) Public Boatbuilding Program participants toasted the launch of *Pintail*, the recently completed 25' draketail, with cheers and champagne on August 26. Construction of the boat, built through the AFAD program, began in January, 2016 as her white cedar decks, forward and aft bulkheads, white oak engine bed logs, and stainless rudder stuffing box were installed. Later, her Yanmar two-cylinder diesel engine was installed, and she was painted white with a red bottom.

*Pintail* features a reverserake round stern, referred to locally as a "torpedo stern", "dovetail," or "ducktail." These were the first types of powerworkboats developed in the Chesapeake Bay region, having their heyday in the 1920s and going out of style in the '40s, when crabpotting became legal.

*Pintail* is for sale. For more information about boatyard programs or the purchase of *Pintail*, contact Jenn Kuhn at (410) 7454980 or [jkuhn@cbmm.org](mailto:jkuhn@cbmm.org). See more photos of the project at [bit.ly/CBMPintail](http://bit.ly/CBMPintail).



## Getting Ready

Richard came over to get some plywood for his house but got sidetracked by some JB and decided that insurance was good for that kind of thing anyway. I could have pulled *Lurlyne* or put her on the floating dock but decided to put her on the mooring to see what happens. This mooring consists of a huge cast iron street grate with a 3/8" chain and hooked to the boat with two 5/8" lines.



We took most of the hanging things off of the rafters of the hut and stashed them in the kitchen and folded up the chairs. If we lose some you guys can send more strange stuff.



# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

## Irma Visits the Tiki Hut

We have good protection from the wind from the north and west so hope the shelters hold up. I put everything out there important inside the *Queen Anne*. Hope that works for the rest of the shelters also.



Howard was good enough to park his motor home in just the right place to offer some more protection.



Wally went nuts with putting things away and when he got tables cleaned off (for the first time ever) he found some old paint and gave them a coat.



I'll report again in a couple days to let you know how we fared.

## Aftermath

If you listened to the non-stop weather reporting you would think that the whole state has to leave and go to Montana with fifty gallons of water each or pack into the local elementary school where they'll save you from the horrible monster coming to get you. This is the biggest, strongest unprecedented storm in the history of the world. Not to mention the tidal surge; hell it was going to flow over the entire state leaving it a bare sandy beach. I know that's what all of you thought from the emails I got. Even some of you who knew better were spreading the BS. I think the water did go up a couple feet here at my dock.

All of my neighbors did leave, some going as far as South Carolina. Sure enough the storm turned and came right at us here in Bradenton; we were goners for sure, that's what the TV said; just kiss our ass good bye.

Here's some of the horrible aftermath; death and destruction and bloated bodies all over. Oh wait, that was some other place; we didn't even lose our electricity and air conditioning here. And what's with all this buying bottled water? Even if we do lose water, which hardly ever happens, don't they know that we can fill up jugs from our tap.







The cheap ass canvas boat shelters are all still there and no one died. I did have some tree damage but it was just another day for the rest of my neighbors; no pool cages gone, not even tree limbs down and they left their bombproof block houses to evacuate to Canada. We did have Wally and Susan here with us because they live in tin houses that are waiting to get blown away so some things are prudent (they had no damage).

You'll notice John's john is perfect. That man knows how to build a shithouse.



OK, OK having said all that this was my year to have trees down. I'm the only one in the whole neighborhood who had anything down. We do live in an oak forest so I guess we had the target on us. We figure that a small tornado must have dipped down to get us. We had five old large oak trees snap off about 20' up. This one just barely nipped the corner of the house but didn't cause any leakage. Maybe they were just old and weak like most of us because the taller pines around them are fine.



Some of the gang were here today to start clearing away; Wally said to just announce a party and fifty of you would show up.

The kayaks didn't even blow away. Cessna thinks it's all a big game. It was scary and windy and noisy but we were prepared with shutters and plenty of booze and remember to take it with a grain of salt when the weatherman is standing on a roof top telling us how bad it is. Oh and I knew that *Lurlyne* could take hurricane winds because I've pulled her up the road that fast.



## Elsewhere in Florida

Two other of our regular contributors also live in the direct path of Irma. We asked them how this storm affected them and here are their reports.

### Ship's Log

**Irwin Schuster, Tampa FL**

A few small oak limbs, frond carcasses down, maybe 5" of rain, no loss of power, no leaks.

### From the Lee Rail

**C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL**

We had no trees down, the electric power stayed up as did the Internet connection. A few tree limbs down and a lot of debris, but nothing major. The neighbors beside us had a tree come down across their driveway and a neighbor behind us had a tree come down across their driveway. That tree also took down their power line but it stayed functional while resting on the ground. We have had more damage from a summer thunderstorm than from Irma. Other parts of the area were not so lucky, but most have the roads clear and electricity restored.

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## Tom Dually

Maybe we don't have to be lost to find some places. Recently it helped. I was looking for a guy named Fred. Sure, he gave me directions over the phone. Sure, I took copious notes. Sure, I got lost. So, I asked the folks who should know like the flagman up ahead in the backwoods road project that I stumbled into. He said, "I think it's on the right, maybe another mile...maybe." Then, there was the car with two nice ladies who stopped and asked me if I was lost. Maybe it's because my truck started out pretty clean this morning. Right now, a clean vehicle is a sign "you ain't from around here, are ya' boy?" in this shady corner of northern Idaho. They said, "...sure we know Fred...another three and a half miles...up that hill...look for an orange bucket by the road..." We were probably nudging either Canada or even Montana. Lost? Sure I was.



There was the other nice lady with the Really Big Dogs, who said, "...if you take that sort of narrow trail there...and wind around down over the stream...there's a couple of houses back in there...maybe it's where you're lookin' for...maybe." I guess I looked pretty friendly, she never unholstered her gun, or anything.

I found Fred. He says he keeps the chains on the drive wheels of his veteran Ford tractor year 'round. We traded stories for a while and I bought this veteran tandem axle EZ Loader boat trailer that's been masquerading as a flat-bed (complete with four studded snow tires) for Gawdonlyknows how long.

Pretty slick. When I wanted to look at the trailer's underside. Fred just picked it up with the bucket on that Ford. Gotta' admit that I was lusting after those two beautiful axles and that really robust frame from the getgo. Sure, some of us see "junk", some of us see a diamond in the rough. Pretty sure it's a diamond. Pretty sure.



## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Fred was good enough to bring it on down to a place I could get Big Red hooked up and headed back out toward our own corner of Almostcanada. Let's see now, without lights, with studded tires and who really needs current registration, anyhow? That, and I was already late to pick up Jamie-the-sea-dog from his monthly meeting with Sarah, the dog barber.



There are some things complicating real knuckle-skipping work getting done, much, here at the Frankenwerke right now. Best I could do before nightfall was to pull that heavy-as-a-lead-mine Trex planking off of the trailer, now part of our crew here henceforth as *Tom Dually*. That, and Alice helped me get him sorta' out of sight for this part of the operation.



Much, much to do before *Tom* takes his place in the fleet, as *Miss Kathleen's* new consort. But, ya' know what? I'm pretty sure he's gonna' be The Man for the Job...

## The Frankenwerke is Back in Business!

On the last couple or three road trips, *Miss Kathleen's* trailer seemed to be developing more and more aches and pains. First it was marker lights (never designed or marketed as underwater things) that seemed to wink out one by one. Then, wire connections (and there are scads of 'em) started breaking inside the crimp connectors and other places, that took some heavy duty noodling to nail down. The leaf springs seem to be complaining more and more, as we lurched around various parking places of uneven character.



Most recently, while barreling along single-file through the seasonally ubiquitous construction zones on one of our cross-state highways, I thought I saw movement from the port-side trailer fender. We were in a line of big rigs that all seemed to have someplace to get to, and hemmed in on both sides by New Jersey barriers. The pavement was gouged out for replacement, and pretty rough. Plenty to be paying attention to.

But, about every third glance in the mirror showed a definite sashaying back and forth from that heavy, steel fender. Could it be completely loose? Or only sort of rattled loose on the bolts? Not the sort of thing I really wanted to find out. One of those fenders ricocheting off the barriers and the following traffic would not be a good thing. About then, something black, heavy, and hard to describe appeared immediately in front of the left front truck tire. It went "Kabbannngggg!!!" off the frame and floorboard directly under my feet and it sounded heavy and hard enough to have done some kinda serious damage.

Still running with the bulls through that endless concrete chute. No apparently cut fuel line, bleeding brake line, or holed muffler but it was definitely getting time to look for a bingo field. Turns out, the first opportunity was an exit at the little village at Snoqualmie Pass. I found a spot and got out to inspect that fender. As I passed the trailer tongue, something even worse popped up on the screen. I'm guessing that hunk of metal (sort of on the order of a cast iron lid on a potbellied wood stove, sort of) that caromed off the floorboards did more mayhem than imagined.

Somehow, it had to hit a narrow aperture that I would be hard pressed to hit with a hammer. The factory plug and bracket and trailer plug and several yards of wiring were all dragging along in our wake. I had been running that gauntlet without a semblance of trailer lights. It was suddenly necessary to band-aid things back together. We had yet to run metro-Seattle traffic at the bottom of that mountain freeway. No lights would be a no bueno for certain. Repairs took a bit longer than initially imagined in that cold rain, next to the highway and that fender still needed first aid, too.

I made a different kind of discovery a couple or three weeks back. I took the whole rig across a log truck scale in Priest River. Seems, my quite-new 3,500lb capacity axle was toting around a bit more than a half-ton more than that and, I do remember taking a couple of leaves out of those springs back almost two years ago to make the axle U-bolts “long enough.”

The tongue extension is pretty “ingenious” too, it’s all lashed together with galvanized “mending plates,” and grade-two galvanized carriage bolts. I did add a lot of them; but the entire 6’ extension is held on with the friction resulting from compression from these relatively soft fasteners on a structure that flexes up and down, vibrates and has generally been doing the hootchie coochie steadily for maybe 20,000 miles. It’s either time for a complete rework on that beast of burden or time to start completely over.

The Frankenwerke crew has been off for nearly the entire summer and now the Planning Department guys have plugged in a new priority at the very top of the shop punch list: “Place *Tom Dually* into service, ASAP.” Talk about a tall order, he’s a big boy, for starters.



And, it would appear that those boys and girls down in Planning didn’t schedule the removal of quite a bit of stuff that’s accumulated on the shop floor before giving the green light to this undertaking.

But, in a single night shift, the metal-fab crew managed to get new U-bolts fabricated and installed. That seemed like a good idea, when they broke several of the originals off just trying to get ‘em loosened. And, the wheel truck is now moved as far aft as possible. A bunch of 3” square tubing has gotten cut up, and drilled for 1/2” shank. But it’s the Design Department that is fumbling their way along. Somehow, this rig is going to have to perform just as efficaciously as the original unit and that original was done with a great amount of by-eye curve replication. Cutting and installing a new set of curved bunks of about 20’ fore ‘n aft won’t likely be any more difficult than all the other stuff we do here. Not fun, just necessary.



Since I sort of had a day or two off from my duties in preparing the funeral for my now-passed 94-year old father, I figured the least I could do was show up for this morning’s staff meeting and see what those guys have gotten done. They’re a bit flapnoozled over how to measure for *Miss Kathleen*’s stub keel clearing the trailer frame when launching and recovering. The water’s already gotten too cold for anybody with 98-point-6 as a baseline body temperature to want to go swimming and actually check things out in situ. I don’t blame those guys for shying away.

I told ‘em that they should just cut things off as close to the hind end as possible, and go with it. The engineering guys pointed out, “...but, you gotta’ keep this thing hooked together back there, can’t be wobbling all over the place...remember last time...?”



They hadda point, there. I’ll have to show up at tomorrow’s staff meeting, and see what they came up with today. I’ll let you know.

## Sara Ann Dippidy

I was just leaving the transfer station. Somehow, I managed to discard 680lbs of that Trex decking that had been holding Tom closer to the road than he might otherwise stand. Six-hundred-eighty pounds! Anyhow, I was on my way to the lumberyard for some more stuff to bring this project on line, utility trailer bouncing along behind and now unburdened. It’s kind of a twisty-turney road, not the most well-traveled way to town.

There was this guy walking along the guardrail, not actively hitch hiking but a long way from just about anywhere. I stopped and asked him if he was walking for pleasure, or necessity. He answered, “necessity.” I offered to take him where he needed to get, and dropped him, a few miles later, at a corner there on the “back side” of town. On to the lumber yard.

The design guys here at Frankenwerke are not really too enthused with this, yet another, trailer overhaul project and I do get that. There’s a whole lot of unk-unk’s involved, especially where the curved bunks are concerned. The supports differ in distance apart from one trailer frame to another and it’s really like trying to break into jail getting past all those struts and supports and frame longitudinals to even sort of imagine how to create the same support points. Measuring and actually seeing the distances from hull to reference points is pretty scattershot.



I figured that I could sort of build it “progressively,” you know, one layer at a time, until it “looks about right.” Nothing new around here, in that. I had this notion that I could cap the on-edge treated 2”x 10”s with cedar 2”x6”s that could then be shaped with a Sawzall and angle grinder.



I figured that I’d need about four 8’ 2”x6”s so when I got to the counter, I said, “Gimme eight, eight-footers...” The estimator on this job has been a bit too conservative in buying the nuts and bolts and stuff. More trips back to town, so I just doubled it, kinda’ like wholesale to retail.

Originally, I had intended to turn off for the storage lot after my stop at the dump but, instead, I sort of ended up “someplace else,” and picked up the guy who needed a ride. No big deal but I did have to stop at the storage lot and put the tarp back on *Gypsy Wagon*. Seems that a nice lady drives by there on her way home and has been thinking she’d like to buy *GW* so the nice lady at the storage lot gave the other nice lady my number. And, *GW* sort of hasn’t had a mission yet, so the idea wasn’t all bad. I met that nice lady who wanted to buy *GW*, and she said she was a psychic reader and wanted a floating gypsy wagon for her crystal ball stuff. Now, I gotta’ admit I never had that idea myself, but who knows, huh?

I explained that I had gotten the hull originally from a guy up the road from the storage lot several years ago, whereupon, she told me that she lived across the road from his place. That’s kinda’ cool, I think. This was all on a day when the lot is normally closed so I had to ask the nice lady who runs the lot to make a special dispensation, to come and open the place up for me. She did, but immediately said she’s just gotten a call from her daughter who was having a medical emergency, and she hadda’ go. Anyhow, after taking *GW* down to the lake and doing a float test for the psychic reader lady, I didn’t have time to put the tarp back on, a royal pain to do alone with that high coach roof, and all.

So, today after I went to the lumberyard, I was headed for the storage lot on my way home. Different route altogether than the one into town. Whereupon, here’s the same guy that I had brought with me about an hour or more before walking outa’ town on that same highway that I was now on. Of course, I pulled over and picked him up. I said, “I’ll give you a ride home, but I could sure use

some help pulling a tarp over my boat in the storage lot up the highway.”

Now, I have to say, there are about five storage lots within shouting distance of each other along this same highway. The guy said, “Is yours that cute little one that looks like a gypsy wagon?” I told him yes. “Oh, I really like that one, my wife and I were looking at it just the other day...”

As we pulled up to the gate the nice lady who runs the storage lot came over to be sociable. She thanked me for dropping by the ER the day before. I did, in fact, stop by the hospital after putting GW away. Of course, the nice lady at the desk couldn't tell me, a non-relative, who was being taken care of, so, I just said, “I know you can't tell me, but wouldja' just tell 'em that Dan dropped by...” One of those, “I know that you know that I know that you know” kinda' things. Anyhow, I told the nice lady who runs the storage yard that I had picked up a total stranger whom I was going to take home after we went inside the fenced area to put the tarp on. She said, “Oh, I know all about him, wanna' know?”

We got the tarp back on, and headed for “someplace up the road,” to drop off the hitchhiker. We took the normal assortment of paved and not that we have hereabouts. The area sort of looked familiar, and I mentioned that I thought my friend Sam's son, Casey lived around there someplace. Casey is the guy I got *Punkin' Seed* from about 4 years ago. His grandfather had that boat before him. His grandpa (Sam's father-in-law) was a WWII Luftwaffe pilot, probably the only one living in Newport. Sam's dad was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge, as an American dogface. The hitch hiker said, “Oh yeah. I know Casey real well...”

I'm just wondering who Miss Dippidy is gonna' introduce me to tomorrow.

## Stiff 'n Sore.

I stuck around for the whole night shift, last night and I gotta' say that nobody, including me, at this morning's staff meeting was all that enthusiastic about progress. The engineering guys sold me on this pretty innovative bunk system with the old mantra, “It'll be a piece a' cake...all ya' gotta' do is cut it out with the Sawzall and finish it with the angle grinder...” And, I bought that line. I also bought a package of blades for both metal and wood to go into the veteran Sawzall. Therein lies the rub.

It appears that the last blade I wore out and broke off is still clenched tightly in Mr. Milwaukee's teeth. Nothing I could do would dislodge that sucker. Nothing. I do take my responsibility as crew leader seriously. If anything is gonna' get done, I'm gonna' have to do my part. Sooooo, it seems that I spent the whole night shift attempting to shape the bunks with a 60-grit sanding pad on the angle grinder. I rolled Tom into the garage where the lighting is a whole lot better than out under the driveway light that I had attempted to work under. Yes, somebody reminded me to pull Kate's car outside, just in case and, that was a brilliant stroke because the entire garage and adjoining shop is coated in cedar dust. Ceilings, walls, shelves, tools, floor, boats, everything.

I took my goggles and mask off to take this shot, still like a dust storm and there's a lot of grinding to go. The boat is supposed to be the convex surface nestled into a concave supporting system.



Not, the other way around. Anyhow, I gotta' wind up the morning meeting and get back to work, winter's coming.



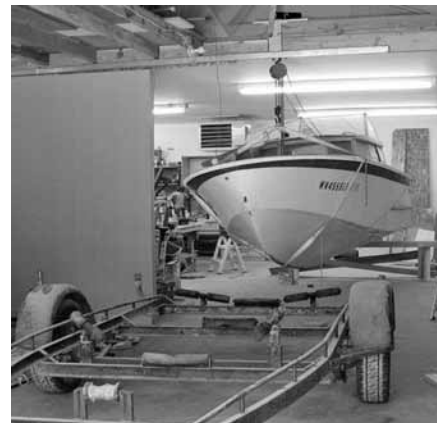
This is looking like another one of those Tiger-by-the Tail moments. Sure would be good if the whole crew shows up for the day shift. I could use some help with this one.



Hope somebody brings a Sawzall and a broom.

## The Longest Distance Between Two Points

I can't blame this one on anybody else and, of course, it seemed like a reasonable shortcut at the time. Here's the deal: The whole reason that I'm changing trailers for *Miss Kathleen* at all is because I think the boat is just too heavy for the one that she has resided upon from Day One. At best, this is the stuff of hunches, little science, very little. Because she's a bit on the chunky side, I've been resisting the normal method of swapping trailers here at Frankenwerke. Normally, I just pick a boat up in slings and pull the trailers in and out. Been doing it for years.



But, my first half-dozen Frankenbots were a lot smaller, I could put them on and off the birthing cart inside the building.





And, away we went.



Then, we started including standing headroom in our opus', so it took a whole new method of re-horsing the girls. The first few loadings were a bit shaky. There were tipped over shop cranes, inchworm evolutions with multiple floor jacks, jack stands, and other approaches. Usually they worked, but I normally needed help and often that is the one commodity in short supply around here.

I even tried skidding one on the snow. There are some seasonal limitations to this method but it worked okay. But, that winch strap was singing a dirge before it was over.



Sooooooooo, I got the engineering types and the assorted hangers on from around this far-flung operation together and we brainstormed. Some wise guy said that I had it all backwards, that the best way to slip a trailer under a boat is as if you are launching it, only the boat stays put and the trailer moves. And, we've done it that way a few times now.

So, what's the problem? I decided to take a shortcut to simplify things, save some steps. In the process, we wasted the work of an entire night shift by starting all over again with the day shift. For some hairball reason, it made sense to launch *MK* and leave her in the water while we worked on the new and old trailers side by each.



But, now the boat's in the water in a borrowed slip.

The old trailer has been rendered unserviceable. The new trailer is a huge question mark as far as being ready to haul a boat out of the water, and come home with it. If I had simply lifted the boat up and slipped the new trailer under it for as many trial fittings as I may have wanted, things would have gone much more smoothly. But, here we are.

*MK* is spending the night afloat without me. *Tom* is sorta put together and will need to be test fitted by my parking truck and trailer at the ramp and walking a mile or so to get *MK*. Then, I have to run the boat over to the ramp, and see if it'll fit. If good, then good. But, if it's the normal thing, we'll be playing this game for a few days yet. And, to really pile salt on the wound, as I start into this game of musical chairs, I did witness how the one-percenters of our little fraternity travel.



I have a hunch that guy doesn't have to do his own work. And, speaking of work, I'd better get back to it. *Miss Kathleen* is counting on me, winter's coming. She can't stay where she is.



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A few years ago the Editor mentioned that he didn't like rowing because he couldn't see where he was going, all he could see was a good view of where he had been. I wasn't paying attention. I built a rowing skiff anyway. You may have followed the building progress over several issues of *MAIB*.

I decided that Bob was right and my fleet was getting too large. The *Oar Boat* is on the action block. She is a pretty 14 footer that fits in the back of my Ranger truck and it is light enough that this old man can move it around the yard and across the grass to my favored launch place.

The *Oar Boat* was chosen to be sold so I could justify my next boat. She was not getting used and I am thinking that my next project will be a very simple sailboat. The same rules apply. First it must fit into the Ranger. Second it must be light enough so this old man can move it around on the hard.

I built a Pickup Squared a few years back and really liked the balanced lugsail and decided to build a smaller boat to make good use of that same rig. Every time I sailed the Pickup Squared I got to thinking about how it would work out as a decked over scow with a cockpit large enough for two guys to put their feet in. Maybe a little padding under the edges of the cockpit to rest one's feet against when hiking out.

OK now it is about to happen. I am starting another boat with the only plan in my head. It may seem silly to some, but in the state of Minnesota a non-motorized boat under 10' long requires no license. Why not make it 9'10", no license required, also it would be lighter and easier to load for the lake.

Now for a plan. I did some measuring on the Pickup Squared. My biggest concern was getting the mast and centerboard in the right relationship with each other. With the balanced lugsail one has a lot of leeway because the sail can be moved fore and aft on the mast.

OK next I need a shape for the sides and a shape for the bulkheads and transoms. I started with one bulkhead for the center of the boat. It must be under 4' wide to fit easily in the back of the truck. I decided on an even 1' deep and started from there.

Another decision was how much flare the hull should have. A 70° angle seemed good so now it is time to make a scale model. My scale was 2" to the foot. That gives me a model 20" long and 2" deep.

I made a bulkhead with the scaled dimensions from some 1/4" plywood and next decided on the size of both transoms. This established the curve of the sides. I made scale models of both parts keeping the same 70° angles.

The side panels were cut out of poster board and with a thin batten I drew the curve that I thought might work out. The second try was magic. Just what I wanted. These parts were all put together with a staple gun.



Now that I had established the shape of this new boat I looked again at the center bulkhead and decided that one bulkhead would not work out. That is where I wanted



By Mississippi Bob

to put the cockpit so I will have two bulkheads that will define where the cockpit will go. The daggerboard case will fit in this space. I will worry about that later.

Now as I start building the full-sized boat I wanted something rather stiff for the bulkheads that would take the compression of the sides being wrapped around them. I chose to use some 1/4" Baltic Birch for the two bulkheads and transoms. This plywood is five ply and very stiff. It is also very heavy compared to the lauan underlayment that will be the bulk of the plywood in the boat.

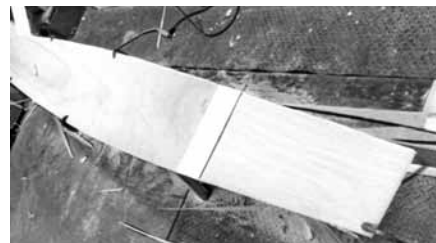
I drew up these parts and sawed them out. I also cut holes in both that would accept a 6" inspection port. It is much easier to do this while the parts are not built into the boat.



This used up a half sheet of birch. Now with the bulkheads in hand I knew the exact width that the side panels must be. I ripped out three panels 13" wide. These would become the side panels. Of course they are only 8' long so the third piece that I cut would provide the 22" extensions for the sides.

I chose to use butt blocks to add this nearly 2' to the side panels at the bow end. The next operation is really quite simple but requires being careful. I set up my sawhorses to support the panels and another to support the extension. Now with everything lying flat I put some wax paper under the joint and nailed both panels to the sawhorse leaving enough room between them for one of the clamps. I used small wire nails and kept them well outside of the area where the butt block would go. I did the same with the extensions and nailed them down. I laid the butt blocks on top of the panels centered them over the joint then drew a pencil line along them.

Time to mix some epoxy. I painted both surfaces with epoxy and laid the blocks down into the epoxy. They slipped around easily so I aligned them with the pencil marks and nailed them down so they can't slide. All of the nails mentioned were left with enough nail showing so they could be easily removed.



I had a piece of oak left over from another job that was perfect for applying clamping pressure. I laid that across both panels and applied a small amount of pressure. Not too much as I didn't want to squeeze out all the epoxy. The next day I removed the clamps and nails and admired my work. I now put both panels outside to outside and clamped them securely to each other so I could draw the sheer and bottom lines on one and saw them out together. This way I know that right or wrong they will be the same.

I had some long pieces of 1/4" square stuff longer than this boat that I used to draw the cutoff lines on the side panels. When I started the model all the lines were fair curves so the same thing should work on the full sized boat.



I measured where the bulkheads should be and drew a square line across the panel. I next transferred that line to the opposite side so I had a line that would be on the inside of the hull after they were cut to shape. I marked the ends of the panel where the transoms should fit and clamped the long batten first at the bulkheads and then bent the strip to the marks for the transoms. The wood strip formed a fair curve that would create the final shape of the side panels. Both the sheer and bottom edges had to be cut to shape.

Remember these sides are clamped together and most stay clamped until they are cut to shape. A few minutes with my saber saw and I had two mirror image side panels.

At this point I was filled with anticipation. I wanted to see if I got all the shapes right so I screwed some 3/4" cleats onto the inside and clamped things together. I was very pleased with the shape.



As this boat develops you may be shocked by the number of holes made by all the screws. Not to worry they will all get covered with the fiberglass tape that will eventually hold things together.

On the rugged shores of the British Isles and the fjords of Norway, small, double-ended wooden boats have long plied the cold waters of the North Atlantic, rowed or sailed by their fishermen owners. Built of lapstrake hardwoods, they are reminiscent of old Viking boats. In the North Atlantic, the small rocky islands and reefs that line the coastlines are called "skerries," after the Old Norse word "sker." Often rowed and sailed in and around skerries, these little workboats are rugged enough for the rocky shores.

This past fall, the Hudson River Maritime Museum offered a class to build the modern descendant of those historic British and Scandinavian working boats. Called a "Skerry" after those rocky islands, this version is tough and lightweight, easy to sail or row. Riverport Wooden Boat School Senior Instructor Michael Puryear notes, "This class was an opportunity to learn how to build boats using modern stitch-and-glue technology, which produces a lighter and stronger wooden boat."

For many people, building a sailboat is a dream come true. "It was always my dream growing up," says Puryear. To build a boat and then sail off into the sunset is now an affordable reality for Hudson Valley residents.

The resulting boat was lightweight and easy to pull up on a beach at the end of the day and make camp. At 15' long with either a four-sided spritsail or a triangular gunter rig sail, the Skerry can be rowed while under sail, an uncommon feature for small boats. The mast can also be stepped down if you prefer to just row. At around 100lbs, the Skerry can be car-topped with two adults, or is incredibly easy to pull in and out of the water on a small trailer.

## Building a Skerry Anything But Scary



Unlike previous boatbuilding classes at RWBS, this Skerry build was a group build with a group of students working together to build a single boat. This boat was built from scratch using only plans, not kits, giving students the full range of woodworking skills as they built the boat from start to finish. Students entered a lottery to "win" the final product.

The "Group Skerry Build" class took place every Thursday and Friday, September 21 until Friday, November 3, with Saturday, November 4 as a final class for any finishing necessary, as well as to celebrate the completion of the boat and draw lots.



### About the Hudson River Maritime Museum

Located along the historic Rondout Creek waterfront in downtown Kingston, NY, the Hudson River Maritime Museum is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the maritime history of the Hudson River, its tributaries, and related industries. HRMM opened the Riverport Wooden Boat School in 2016 and the Riverport Sailing School in 2017. For further information go to: [www.hrmm.org](http://www.hrmm.org)



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Sailing in a boat with a boomless main is unexpectedly pleasant. Suddenly I no longer need to duck as a metal pole sweeps over my head. I can lower the sail and put it out of the way, to row or scull. A brail line, rove through an eyelet on the leech, allows me to gather the sail against the mast like a roman shade, in a moment. I can do this to gybe in a strong wind, to shorten sail in a squall, or to heave to and fish.

In boats with more than one sail, English fisherman sometimes preferred a sail with a gaff, a nearly vertical leech, and a loose foot. This rig was "kinder to those on deck than a sloping leech or a boom." They could shorten the sail "by brailing as well as reefing." (Eric McKee, p.142).

The Compac 16/1, built from 1976 to 1983, could have a boomless gaff rig because the mast has no spreaders. The plan, shown in Figures 1 and 2, meets four requirements for such a rig. First, as John Leather advises for a boomless standing lug, the clew of the sail in a 16' boat would "need to be about 2'6" forward of the transom, if the sheet is to set well for windward sailing from the lee quarter of a transom of normal breadth" (p.79).

Second, as Philip Bolger says, a boomless sail needs "to be sheeted to a point well off the centerline to draw well. 10° from the intersection of the luff of the sail with the deck is the rule of thumb".

Third, Bolger adds that a, "boomless sail needs a sheet lead that splits the clew angle" (p.8). Fourth, the center of effort of the new boomless gaff rig would need to be similar to the standard jib headed main. In the plan,

## A Boomless Mainsail For a Compac 16

By Duncan Wright  
cdwright95@gmail.com

the center of effort of the boomless gaff rig is at similar point on a line from the bow to the stern. The center of effort is higher, since the sail is taller.

In the plan, there are additional changes. The mast is shorter. A bowsprit (available through Compac Yachts) has been added.

One disadvantage of a gaff sail with a short foot occurs when reefing it; the center of effort moves back, causing weather helm. This might be lessened by tuning the rig to keep the mast vertical, keeping the boat flat and moving the crew aft. In summary, the advantages of the boomless gaff rig appear greater than the disadvantages; the rig seems to drop into place.

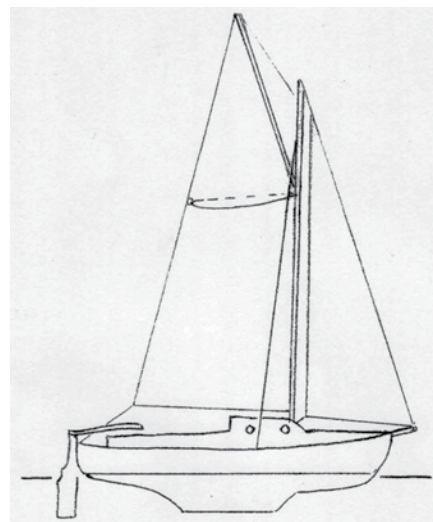
If you try it, I hope you'll write an article about your experience for *Messing About in Boats*.

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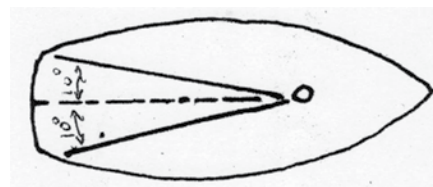
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Duncan Wright



Sail plan for a boomless gaff mainsail for a Compac 16/1.

Deck plan of a Compac 16 showing the sheeting angle of a boomless gaff mainsail.



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This article is for the Gaffers of the sailing world. When was the last time you looked up at your gaff jaws, saw an annoying wrinkle and thought to yourself, I wish I had a gaff saddle? Or when was the last time you looked up at your saddle, saw an annoying wrinkle and thought to yourself, I wish I had gaff jaws? It's a slippery slope when you begin asking yourself what works best to create a good looking, speed efficient, gaff rigged sail.

First, no matter how frustrating it can be at times to get a perfectly wrinkle free, gaff rigged sail, there still is, in my opinion, no better rig for a traditional small craft. Overall the gaff rig allows for a safer experience while underway. When you find yourself in gusty conditions, needing to trim the sail or moving toward the bow to drop anchor, the low center of effort provides you with more control. Scandalizing the sail is the process of easing the peak and not disrupting the throat halyard, one can instantly depower the boat making an approach or begin the reefing process due to high winds.

At Arey's Pond Boat Yard we have been building small catboats since 1973. All the boats we built through the 1990s have wooden gaff jaws. After repairing and replacing countless jaws we started to take a closer look at the option for our bigger boats to use a gaff saddle.

In 1992 we were asked by the owner of *Pandora*, a Bernie Huddleston 20' cold molded catboat, to maintain her and keep her race ready. The gaff saddle that Bernie built for the high peaked *Pandora* caught my eye. It was built of laminated plywood, saddled the mast beautifully and left no wear marks on the beautifully varnished mast.

When we designed and built our first 22' cold molded catboat with a high peak we wanted the saddle, so we modified Bernie's creation. For example, we decreased the overall height as we felt this detail was critical to getting it right. The tighter we could get the throat, the better the sail set. As years went along, *Pandora* was becoming more and more competitive in New England Catboat racing and the fussier and fussier the owner became. On a port tack at any point beyond a close reach the saddle would twist and create a small wrinkle and awkward

## Jaws vs Saddles

By Tony Davis

position. After a lot of studying we figured out what the problem was, it was a combination of the saddle being too long and the force of the gaff. The force would twist the saddle and as the sail was let out, the saddle would be halted by the taught peak and throat halyards leading to the deck.

So we made a new saddle vacuum bagging a plywood laminate. Even though the design was shorter, we still came across the same problem, though not quite as bad. There was talk of leathered gaff jaws, but knowing how hard the boat is sailed we decided that if we switched to jaws we could potentially cause more issues such as breakage in the middle of a race. Also, the curve of the jaws to match the peak angle would be extremely difficult to laminate and if the halyards got caught between the jaws and mast it would create a huge bind during a quick reefing situation. Plus, any wrinkle from the twist of the jaws may not be controllable from the halyard leads. We weighed the options and thought, if we could perfect it, the saddle was the best option.

In 2010 we built a 20' custom high peaked catboat for cruising and when it came to the rig design I, again, wanted a saddle, especially since we went with a carbon mast. I had lost some confidence in my own saddle designs and searched the web for others, which is when I found Classic Marine in Suffolk, England. Who better than the true gaffers of the world to have some helpful answers on saddle design?

I talked in detail to Moray at Classic Marine about gaff angle. I had given this a lot of thought during our attempts. I thought having a lead coming off the saddle 15" to the throat block would eliminate possible jams when peaking for windward work. Moray explained that was right, but I did not make the flange that receives the gaff long enough. The higher the peak, the longer the flange, this prevents the gaff from twisting and lifting the gaff. I questioned if the longer the flange, the more chance of strain and stress on the cold molded fitting, which is why I decided to go all metal.

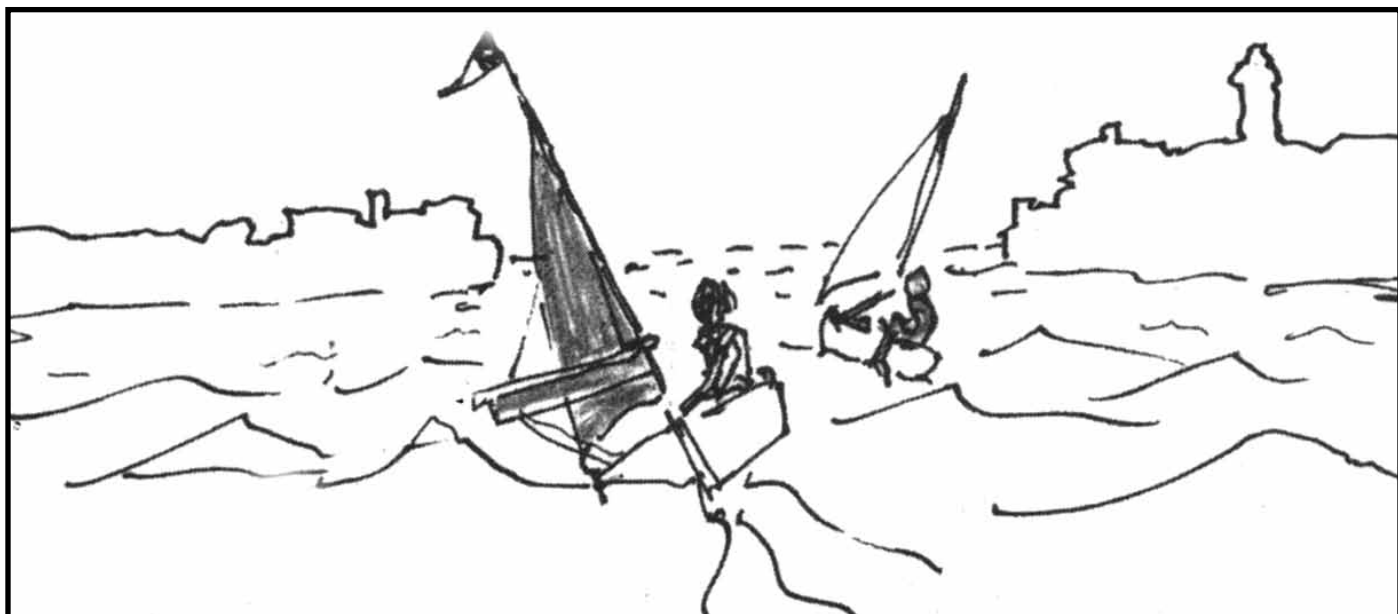
Classic Marine offers the saddles in stainless and bronze. We talked about the saddle working itself into the throat and peak halyards on a port tack. He explained that they do not make a long saddle as the one they have rides fine with less material to get caught up. We ordered one and found that although it was heavier than our version, it did work better. So we ordered one that fit the peak angle of *Pandora*, which is similar to a Marshall 18'. After one season we solved the problem with one minor correction, if the throat halyard is really tight and we let out the sheet on a broad reach/run, we have to ease the throat halyard just a nudge and the sail will lay flat.

Since 2011 we have ordered all of our custom boats rigged with saddles made to fit our peak angle and mast diameter. No scarring, no wrinkles and just a little bit more of a muscle build while hoisting. When it comes time to let the sails down, the weight of the saddle allows the gaff to come down with ease.

In 2016, at the Newport International Boat Show, we introduced an entry level APBY 14' cat. The goal for this design was to get the costs down so the boat could be more affordable, maintenance free and have potential to be considered for fleet racing. In order to meet these goals the rig has a 15° high peak gaff angle, carbon fiber mast, aluminum boom and gaff. There's no wood involved except the teak trim on the centerboard cap, this meant removing the wooden hoops and the wooden gaff jaws. From what we learned from Classic Marine, we designed and now make our own stainless gaff saddles with throat halyard extensions and Dyneema grommets for mast hoops.

In conclusion, it is all about peak angle. The tighter the gaff angle, the more strain on the jaws, and if the curve is not exactly right, the pearl beads will pick up the strain and snap a jaw. Getting a true J shaped curve for a wooden gaff is difficult. When faced with this dilemma, go with a saddle. A traditional 30° to 35° peak angle makes traditionally varnished jaws very practical.

Next we can discuss sail design, high peak vs low peak advantages and disadvantages? Sail on Gaffers.

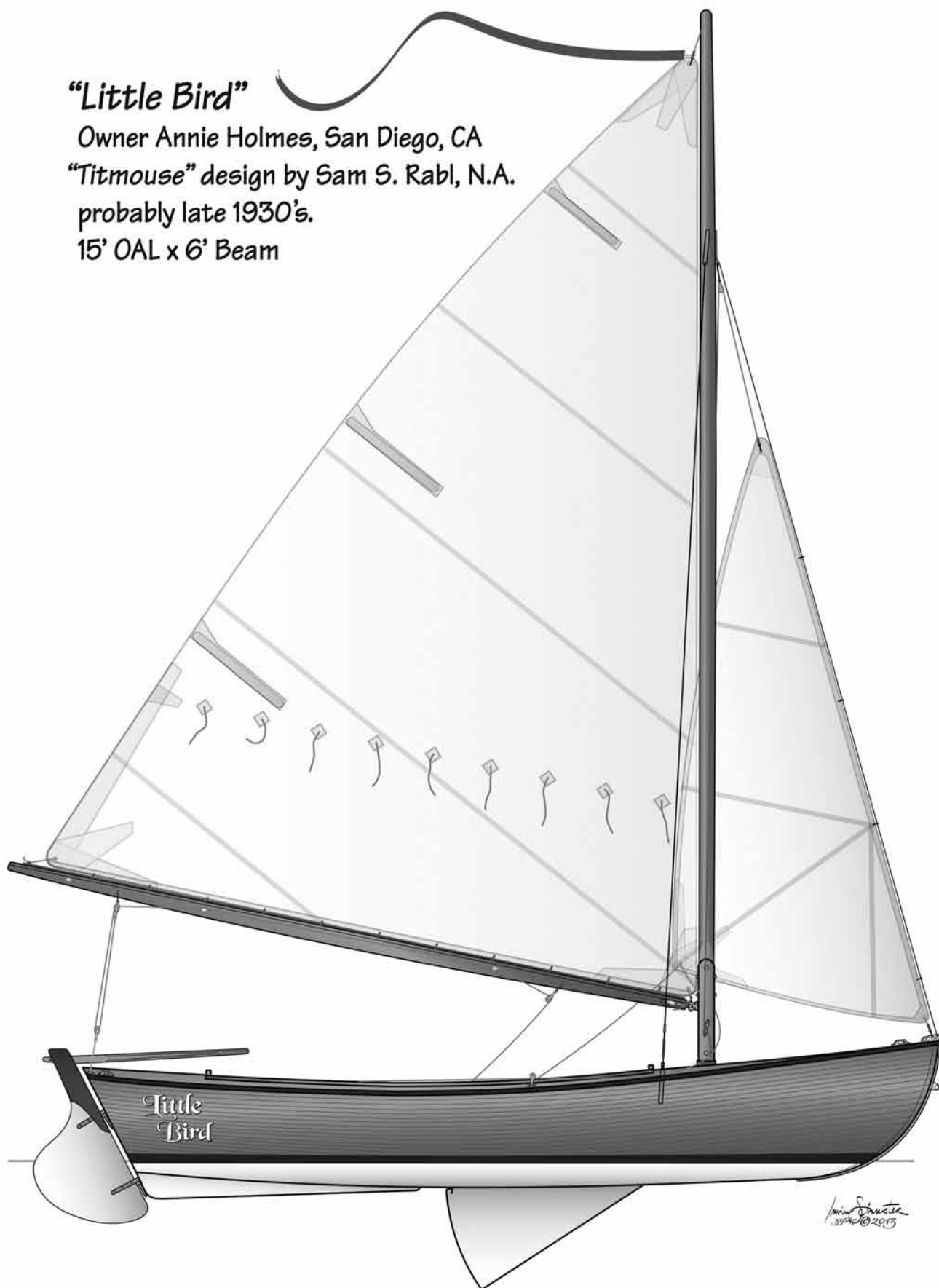


## ***"Little Bird"***

Owner Annie Holmes, San Diego, CA

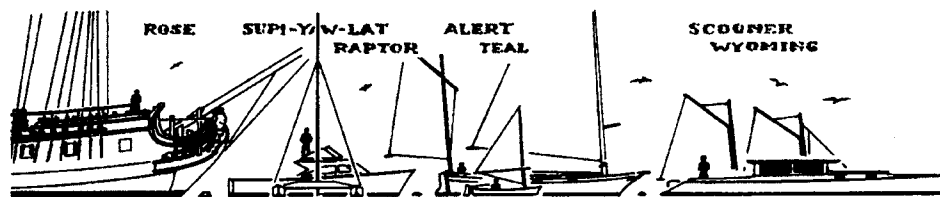
"Titmouse" design by Sam S. Rabl, N.A.  
probably late 1930's.

15' OAL x 6' Beam



## **Small Craft Illustration #2 by Irwin Schuster**

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Yes indeed, in this issue, instead of building plywood-epoxy-glass geometries, we'll get to feast on a rather all curves shapely classic of Phil's, Cat-Boat #280 "Harbinger", designed around 1972. For whatever reasons, it seems that she's never been discussed in this design column in *MAIB* over 516 installments and she sure is worthy of a bit of attention.

Why now? I ran into her recently, in fact the first hull to the design, built by Brad Story of Essex around 1973/74. And it is hard to argue with her when she's strutting her stuff, in or out of the water, even on a trailer, taking up one bay in a sprawling dozen-car-garage, in the shop for a little bit of maintenance. Here, from, his book, *The Folding Schooner* of 1976 I might just as well quote what Phil wrote about how she came to be:

"When Brad Story started to talk of building himself a catboat to replace his Thomaston Galley, I dug out a set of plans made by Fred Goeller in 1911 and another by Edson Schock in 1907. Very nice catboat designs (see *Rudder Magazine* December, 1907, and February, 1911); "They got it right," I said; "Goeller especially. Why go through it again?" But no; the Galley had spoiled him with its nice rowing qualities, and it's a fact that Essex River and Bay are mean places for a straight sailer; the tide runs hard over flats, around hairpin bends, and through tight guts. For eight or nine months in the year I think it's one of the world's most beautiful places in a quiet, restful way, but swarms of mosquitoes, greenheads, and gnats think so, too; it's as much as your life and sanity are worth sometimes to have to lie over a tide without screens.

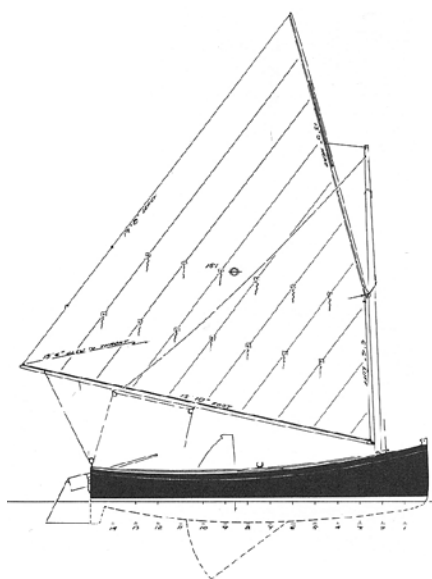
"So, I designed Brad a catboat that can be rowed fast and far, relatively speaking, and incidentally produced one that doesn't need as big a sail plan as the usual hard-bilged Cape model; she's more on the New York model, the kind that developed into the sandbaggers. I call this a really sweet model, fair and easy, no great problem to frame and plank. For some reason the dish shape of the sections isn't nearly as noticeable in the wood as it is on paper; there's nothing abnormal about her looks. Nor is she tender, as the slack bilges might suggest, though of course she does roll when you step on the side in boarding her.

"The rig is no different from the 1900s type, except for the elimination of a lot of unnecessary blocks; it used to be customary to show three and four part halyards on small gaff sails in which a single part in a dumb sheave is a one-handed operation. Apart from that, I can't see that anybody's come up with a clear cut improvement on this rig. Jib-headed cats balance badly when reefed, and contrary to what some have written, raking the mast makes it worse, not better. This one has the gaff peaked up more than is ideal from a reefing standpoint; an over-canvassed boat that will be sailed reefed a lot of the time should

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #517 in *MAIB*  
 Design #280 – Harbinger Cat  
 Rigged Day Sailer

15'x7'1"x11" board up/3'6" board down  
 121sf of sail, one pair of oars



have a squarer head to keep the area above the reef points more in line with the full sail.

"Brad wanted the bottom of the rudder cut up above the line of the skeg, for obvious reasons. I didn't think it would hold her reaching at that depth. We concluded I would draw it my way, he would build it his, and I could say, "I told you so" if I happened to be along when she turned around and looked him in the eye, cat-fashion. Then construction was put off for a year while he built an auxiliary and a power cruiser for paying customers, and in the meantime it occurred to me that if we put about a four-inch plate along the bottom of the shallow rudder to keep some of the flow of water from eddying off the bottom of the blade, it might work at his depth after all. The sail plan shows the profile shape; look at the Moccasin design for a detail of a similar rudder, and at the text about Blackgauntlet-II for some discussion of this matter of end-plates and rudder effectiveness, which is technically somewhat interesting.

"Some things are simply right for good. Study her lines and you'll never look at any recent daysailer production catboat the same way again. She's a carefully crafted vintage, while those comfortably commodious plastic jobs I see outside in our tidal creek are more like wine-in-a-carton... Well, defensible cases of flaming snobbery do have their place.

"The original hull was built traditionally plank on frame to a finish, that over 40 years later, suggests superior construction, along with a rigorous annual maintenance-schedule to keep her looking this good for this long. Dark brown stain on her planking inside and a medium gloss grey outside, with just a few patches of varnish here and there. And Story did indeed run perfectly sweeping seam lines of the planking, never suggesting that she is not a traditionally built wooden boat of understated elegance.

Still in wood, but leveraging all sorts of modern ideas, Ross Lillistone in Australia built one with an epoxy-glued 7mm strip-planked basis, no doubt then already well faired. Then he added a diagonal lamination of 2 layers of 3mm ply strips, to finally covered this 12mm lamination with 6oz glass-cloth, dressed up even further with varnished transom and wood-trim, all to a high-gloss finish. The strips still show inside but under lots of gloss. A different interpretation of wooden boat building."

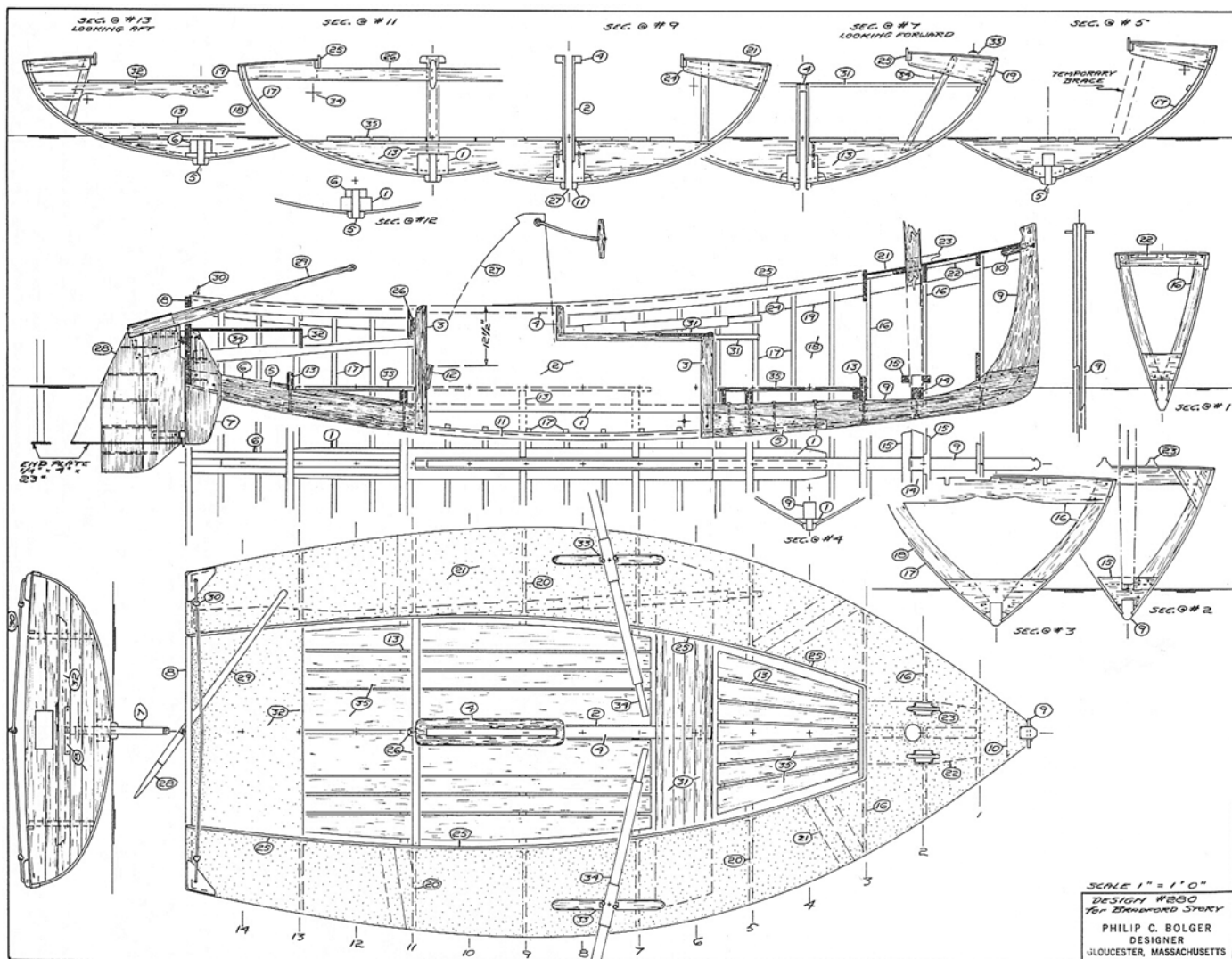
Finally, as I write this piece on Sept. 11, 2017, here the all-bright-finished version of #280 by Messrs M. Delaney and M. Trewongy, sailing before what I just came to notice as the pre-9/11 skyline of New York City. Fine art rendered in exquisite wood-work before a backdrop of tremendous global financial and thus political power rendered in steel, glass, concrete. Seems actually like a young family aboard with that toddler standing up, life vest, trust, and mother's vigilant eyes and all...

Well, let me spoil this fine balance of Phil's prose, his beautiful design art, built by determined folks to matching standards, because sooner or later you'll remember Phil mentioning 'sandbagger'. Before long you'll be feverishly thumbing through your *MAIB* stash for Vol.31 #7 of November 2013, p.40-41, getting increasingly irrational (along with me !) over how Design #470 "Bobcat's sail plan could grow from 110sf to 250sf of sail area... which should make #280 "Harbinger" grow to perhaps 275sf, or, well, 300...

You'd sure want to track through various reinforcements to her hull, then the new mast, gaff and boom, just before you propose a trapeze that could force that mast clean through that innocent catboat bottom that never even had any fittings for stays or shrouds.

And yet, if you ever saw at the Mystic, CT museum how those sandbaggers really run in lightest of airs, their visual and dynamic drama, the crews' facial expressions, the seeming threat to other boaters of speed and such long bowsprits and boomkins, then you could be excused the itch to see what it would take on just the scale of this 15-footer. Affordable glory, driven mania, just beyond the edge of sober reason...

Plans for Design #280 Harbinger remain available solely from PB&F for US \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube.



Harbinger on her mooring in Essex Bay just south of Hog Island.

Harbinger's oarlocks and cockpit.



Harbinger's straight stem and hollow bow-waterline for a beautiful shadow on trailer or afloat.

Harbinger's stern quarters showing off her slack bilges.



Lillistone's #280 with crew getting aboard.





Lillistone's #280 on her first sail.

Lillistone's #280 hull taking shape.



Lillistone's #280 profile afloat.



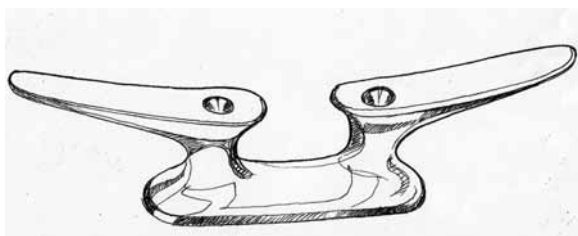
Lillistone's #280 on her way.



Bright finished #280 by M.Delaney and M. Trewongy before the pre-9/11 New York City skyline.

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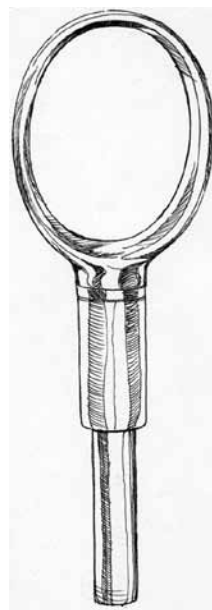
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# Meet Ron Harrison

Salem Marine Artist  
subman2@earthlink.net

I grew up around boats, large and small, in a city with a very proud and important maritime history now largely forgotten. That history has been subverted by a mad Hallowe'en Party every October which brings thousands of tourists, some costumed, from all over the country and sometimes other parts of the world. Forgotten now is the fact that Salem, Massachusetts was once one of the wealthiest cities in the country, all because of its mariners, their ships and their trade in the Far East. Its wealth and culture still show in parts of the city but their reason for being is just a memory to those who take the trouble to read. More on that later.

When it came time to fulfill my military service obligation - does anyone do that anymore? - I naturally chose the Navy, retiring as a Senior Chief Petty Officer on the deck of the *USS Constitution* after 24 years of active and reserve service. I was sorry to leave after the Navy took me to parts of the world I never would have seen otherwise. Pearl Harbor twice, Germany, Romania, Spain, Italy, Greece, and many places here in the U.S.

Somewhere along the line I picked up a paintbrush and started to turn out paintings of marine subjects in watercolor. I focused on Navy subjects, ships, working parties, flight deck scenes, submarines at sea and in dry dock. This came along with a civilian life of working in New York City, helping my late wife raise our family and making job changes we thought benefitted our lives. I worked, along with my wife, to provide for the family, but tried to continue with my painting. When retirement came I knew I was going to paint.

Along the way a Navy painting I had created of two guided missile destroyers being refueled at sea, and titled "Lining Up For A Drink" attracted attention, several large awards, and sales. Someone in Montana I didn't know at the time recommended me to the U.S. Coast Guard's COGAP (Coast Guard Art Program). After a very competitive selection process I was selected in 2008 as an "official" Coast Guard artist. (The painting, in spite of its wide appeal, was rejected by a major show as being "too warlike").

Shortly after my selection was publicized internally by the Coast Guard, the petty officer in charge of running the First U.S. Coast Guard District Admiral's residence at Hospital Point in Beverly, Massachusetts, contacted me to do a portrait of the home. It was accepted as the "official" portrait of the residence in a ceremony attended by the Admiral and many Coast Guardsmen in uniform and me in mufti.

But painting Navy gray ships is niche art loved by me, but not appreciated by everyone, so I shifted from powered ships to those driven by the wind, and started collecting ribbons for those too. If it floated I painted it. Soon I was regarded by many as a marine artist and that's a niche in itself. So my focus has changed somewhat from just sail to include work boats, the dirtier and the more beat up the better,

and houses, even airplanes, one of which I was able to fly at one time, and portraits of children and families.

I've had my share of boats: A 17' Penn Yan wooden runabout that I kept on the Hudson River, a 22' Fenwick Williams-designed wooden catboat with a Marconi rig that I kept in Salem Harbor behind my house, a 10' fiberglass Whitehall Tender with an hourglass stern now up for sale (just ask!) and a 14' kayak that I can't get safely into or out of now, for use on the Forest River in front of my home.

I don't get to sea, or rather "to harbor", much anymore (I seem to have other things to do) but I keep busy with painting portraits of the boats in which others go to sea, or turning out paintings of their marine possessions for notecards or even to put in frames to hang on their walls. Sometimes I don't get around to do it before they sell the boat and have nothing to remember it by but a small snapshot, but that's enough to do a good sized work of art for them.

But back to Salem's nearly forgotten maritime history. One of my recent goals is to try and capture Salem's historic waterfront the way was when it was a working port in all its dinginess and activity. I've done four paintings from 100-year-plus old photos that show how "unpretty" it was and how gritty. I got those photos from the Peabody Essex Museum here in Salem, a world class operation that is big business and not only a repository of the past. It's really a great place, and probably the only place now, to research the glory of Salem's maritime past. It used to be easier to access its maritime history collection, but it can still be done if you are willing to jump through some hoops.

I used to have a website which was online for about twelve years. It doesn't exist anymore because the guy who used to take care of it for me moved away and I'm not smart enough to do it on my own. People are always asking if they can see my work. It used to be easy to do that when I had the website, but now I have to tell them to send me an e-mail at subman2@earthlink.net with "Paintings" in the subject line and I can oblige them.

Several of my paintings are reproduced here (in black & white due to printing constraints, not in their original colors). Of particular note is the full rigged ship *Francis*, a painting of an actual Salem trader that I developed from plans that I had to wear gloves to look at. The caption is "Salem's *Francis* enters the Mediterranean in 1808". The plans of the *Francis* and the *Friendship* (a replica of which is docked at Derby Wharf here at our Salem National Historic site) were identical and were built at the same yard.

I'll keep painting and reading *Messing Around in Boats* as an armchair participant with dry shoes. Retirement can be great.

**If anyone wants something done featuring their boat for this Christmas season, the sooner the better. subman2@earthlink.net**

*Salem's Francis Enters the Mediterranean in 1808*



*Scudding Home*





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**Howard Howe:** "The *Nantucket* model is about 95% complete with all the RC components, LED's, wiring, switches and batteries installed.

Selection of the beacon or the running lights and power sources are controlled through a series of switches. The RC system operates on a 4.8V rechargeable battery, and the light system uses a 9V battery that can be switched to an ac/dc charger for long term use. There are some small details to finish including deck sealing and rigging installation. She has been float and ballast tested, but still requires a pond sea trial for RC operation on a calm day!

The three cabins are held in place with Velcro and are removable for access to the charging port, RC switch, and the connectors for the lights as required. The deck sealing will be a clear caulk for future access if necessary. A socket has been installed on the aft cabin to provide a plug in capability for a 9V charger when the model is sitting on the mantel with our other Lighthouse models.

Thanks again to **Bill Michaels** with "The Foghorn" (New England Marine Modelers Club) for his article published last year on converting the plastic model to RC. His article provide a lot of guidance. However, it still took a lot of time to determine sequence of assembly, electric light circuit, painting, and modification of parts. All part of the challenge!"

Ships as long-lived as the *Lightship Nantucket* are bound to have seen alterations. The aft house and stack wander in these photos.







## A CANOEING REMINISCENCE



The following is an excerpt from a thesis by D. B. Goodsell entitled A Canoeing Reminiscence, to be continued in future issues of The American Canoeist. We hope you will enjoy this piece of canoeing history.

My start in canoeing occurred in the summer of 1889, when I joined the Yonkers Canoe Club. I bought from Theodor S. Oxholm a home-made decked sailing canoe, the "Nesta". It was of lapstreak build with a nice mahogany deck. It had 100 square feet of sail in a lateen rig, two centerboards and about six feet open cockpit between water tight bulkheads; room in which to sleep which appealed to me. I wanted to cruise and sleep in my boat.

The first time that I ventured out in it all went well for a while until I got under the shadow of the Palisades of the Hudson. A sudden rock breeze, an upset and I drifted ashore at a place that I was destined to visit many times thereafter: the well known "Egg Beach", now a part of the Palisades Park. This was for years a meeting place of the Hudson River canoeists, the scene of a number of Atlantic Division meets and much racing. Our weekends were often spent in camp here in following years.

That summer saw me improving in sailing so that thereafter I was able to keep right-side-up, and I ventured on a number of cruises to Croton Point on the Hudson. The return from there with a load of grapes, and the duck shooting in Mikey Gourdine's Barnegat Sneak Box are remembered. Mikey still lives, near the old Black Horse Tavern, and Jimmy Hand sent me a letter of his some time since. My spirit of adventure had been aroused and I was now keen to cruise the nearby waters.

In the fall of 1889 I joined the A.C.A., receiving the number 1616 and attended my first Executive Committee dinner at Clark's restaurant on the south side of Twenty-third St. near Sixth Ave. W. P. Stevens was Vice-Commodore and Frank Dunnell was Sec'y. - Treas. of the Atlantic Div'n. During the winter we attended the New York C. C. Meetings at the Fencers Club on west Twenty-four St. and we took lessons in fencing under the direction of Prof. Nicholas. An incident long remembered was a bout between Schuyler Schieffelin, six feet tall, and Bowyer Vaux something over five. In later years I named my bilge-board canoe "Engarde" in memory of these days. In 1893 the

Executive Committee dinner was again held at Clark's; Irving Dorland, Commodore and George Douglas, Sec'y. - Treas.

The A.C.A. meet of 1890 was scheduled to be held at Jessup's Neck in Peconic Bay, Long Island, N. Y. and near Sag Harbor where I had lived as a boy and absorbed my first tang of the sea. I remember well the two old whaling vessels which laid at the dock for years, unused and in their last days. I was enthusiastic about going there and joined H. Lansing Quick, Theodor S. Oxholm, Edgar Henriques, Jerome Simpson and others of our club. The Atlantic Division chartered a freight steamer which came to Yonkers for our canoes while we went by the steamer "Shinnecock".

Harry Quick and Oxholm amused themselves and others too, by throwing pitchers of water into each others staterooms on the journey out. Sleep there was not; nor was there much after our arrival. Our canoes were placed or rather thrown overboard and allowed to drift ashore. We found them on the beach full of seaweed and sand. Next day in camp, there were exhibited a number of wooden canary cages containing fiddler crabs which were labeled "Exhibit from the Steamer Shinnecock".

This meet was the first held on salt water and attracted many Canadians, most of whom had never seen tidal salt water. Among them were Ford Jones, the MacKendricks, father and three sons (they paddled in Club Fours) two of whom became Commodores of the A.C.A., Will Sparrow, Herb Tilley, J. C. Edwards, Herb Begg and about fifty others. The Eastern Division was there with many sailors, prominent among whom were Paul Butler, Herman Murphy, Dr. Gage, E. H. Barney, Raymond Appollonio, Jimmy Cartwright and E. C. Knappe, the latter a famous paddler. The boats built by Captain G. W. Ruggles of Charlotte, N. Y. competed with those of W. F. Stevens, a builder whom Paul Butler had discovered. There was much discussion among the sailing contingent as to lines and ability, all of which was eagerly consumed by the novice who now writes these lines.

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Online Newsletter of the  
ACA National Sailing Committee

*American Canoeist*  
vol. III: No. 6  
Nov., 1981



Sailboats with masts and deep keels face problems when entering shoal water or passing under bridges when the water is not deep enough and/or the bridge clearance is not sufficient. More than once, I have been part of the counterweight on the boom to heel the boat over to get off a shoal. I have yet to worry about going under a bridge. One solution I saw to alleviate both problems was a large canvas bag full of water hung from the boom. A 50-gallon collapsible canvas bag will put a lot of weight on the end of the boom. The owner used the main halyard to carry the load on the boom as a replacement for the topping lift and had the bag suspended from a block secured under the boom. A line went back from the bag, through the block, to a sheet winch that was used to raise the bag full of water. I never saw it in use but he was happy with the arrangement and used it when needed.

After going aground, one option is to lift the boat up by unloading stores, pumping out the water tank, and otherwise making the boat lighter. It seems that Abraham Lincoln, who had a long fascination with how things worked, invented a flotation system for lifting riverboats stuck on sandbars. Lincoln's patent, No. 6,469, was granted on May 22, 1849, for a device for "Buoying Vessels Over Shoals." According to his patent, the idea was to equip boats with "inflatable bellows of a suitable waterproof fabric" under the gunwale of the hull. If the boat went aground, one pushed down the buoyancy bags and lifted the boat up.

An article in the Sept/Oct, 2017 issue of *Boating World* made a passing reference to the proper color fuel can to designate the fuel therein. I went looking into this idea and found a lot of information on something I had not thought about. However, it seems that there is a color code for fuel containers: Gasoline (flammable) in red, kerosene in blue, Diesel in yellow, oil (combustible) in green.

Over the years, all of my fuel cans were red. I did not see any other colors in the marine supply stores, but the yellow 5-gallon diesel container can be ordered and one of my neighbors has two of them.

I have been installing a new, bigger cat door. All was well until I tried to insert the bolts through the two pieces (one on each



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

side of the door) in a hollow door. The old cat door used long screws that aligned with the receptacle side quite nicely. Getting a 3" inch bolt through on the newer door set up was a major alignment problem, because of the open space inside the hollow door between the two parts unless I took the door off the hinges and laid it down flat.

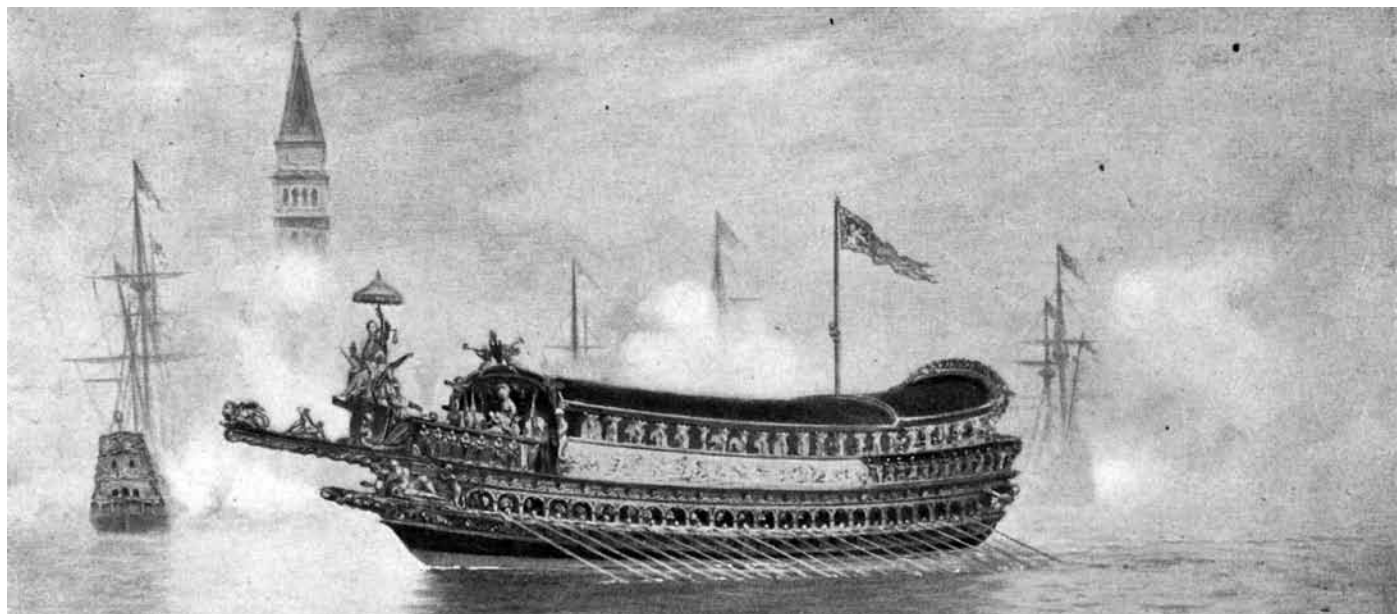
The first step was to purchase some longer bolts of the same diameter to give me more "wiggle room" while getting everything just right. My wife and I finally got one longer bolt through and a nut on to hold things, sort of. At that point, a blinding flash of the obvious arrived and I got my magnet on an extender used for getting dropped nuts/bolts out of tight places. I put the end of the magnet on the head of the bolt and now had the ability to hold the bolt horizontal and align the bolt with the hole in the second piece to attach things together. The magnet held the bolt "straight" and progress was made.

At one point, we had a boat with teak handrails. After many years of neglect, I decided to clean them up and soak them in teak oil. After getting them clean as I could, I put them, one at a time, in a section of rain gutter (blocked at both ends) that had been removed from our house. I added teak oil to cover the rail and let it soak for a day and then did the same with each of the other three pieces. It all worked out quite nicely. In my case, I could easily remove the rails from the boat. In some cases, such is not possible and all the work has to be done on the boat. At least once a year, most boating publications have an article on cleaning teak. Of interest is that most say the same thing, and there is little difference between the article on teak cleaning in the April, 1984 issue of *Better Boat* and what I find in current boating publications.

Your cell phone just went into the water. Now what? Some of the electronic communications devices are water resistant and/or short-term waterproof, while others are not. Aside from the number of articles on how to dry out these devices (as well as firms in the business), do you have the information on the device backed-up? If not, and your device will allow you to download to micro-computer (or like device), doing so might be a good idea from time to time.

Old cell phones (and like devices) can have a second life in the boating world. I am the "Discussion List" editor for the Catboat Association [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org) and read all the material that is posted on the list and condense that which looks applicable to readers of their Bulletins. One item that caught my interest was a member who converted an old iPad into a chart plotter. He bought a waterproof case for an old iPad he had replaced. He loaded the iPad with two charting apps: Navionics (for vector) and iSaliGPS (for raster) charts. The iPad allowed him to load other software including tide apps, AIS apps, weather apps, etc. and still had room for useful documents, COLREGS, Coast Pilot, Engine manual, etc. Two of possible problems noted was the need for a charger and protection from heat from direct sunlight if left on the console. If you have an old cell phone or iPad, you may want to look into the idea.

Hurricane Irma became Tropical Storm Irma (cheering at this point locally) by the time it got to Tallahassee; rain and a lot of wind (trees down, etc.). By the time you read this, the storm will be history and recovery will be well under way in south and central Florida. I grew up outside of Bradenton, FL (Manatee County, south of Tampa) and know what a hurricane can do. Thus we prepared for a few days without electric power, trees down, and the rest. I pulled my chainsaw out of storage to cut a path to the road or handle other inconvenient downed wood. Our major problem was fuel for the vehicle with all the people evacuating before the storm and then everyone headed back after the storm. Since we are both retired, my wife and I simply stayed off the roads for most of the week after the storm came through our area.



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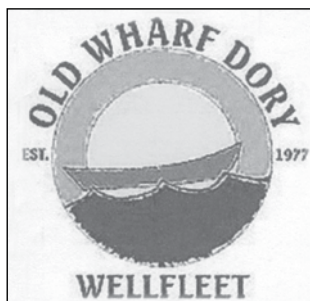
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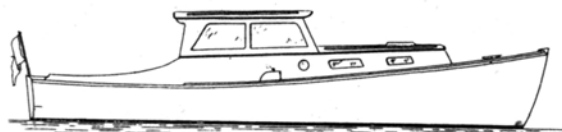


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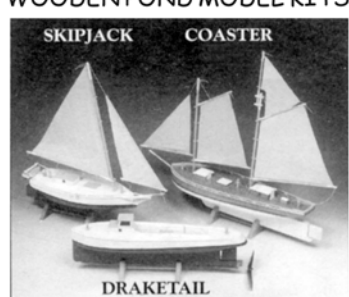
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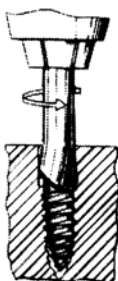
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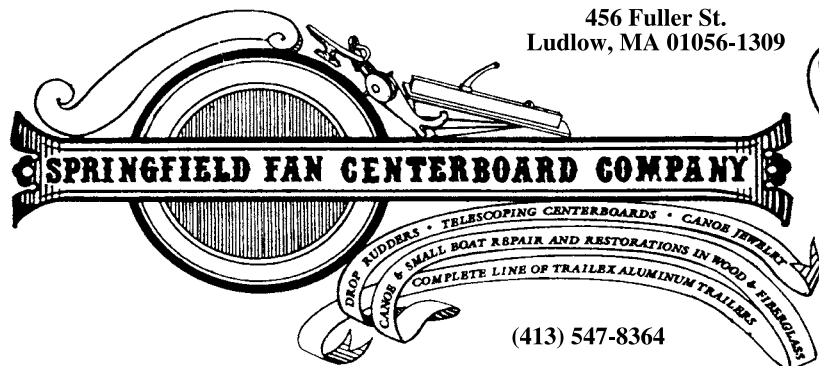
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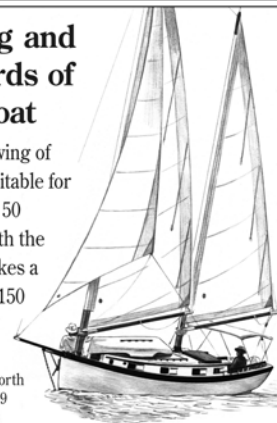
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MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624 6398. (12)



**Sail/Row Skiff**, this caught my eye & I bought it for \$500 just to investigate. Should be a very pleasant boat to row & sail. I found that it wasn't well set up for either activity. It needs gunwale pads to raise the oarlocks 1.5". It needs a plug for the c/b trunk to keep the rower dry. It needed a bridle w/a sliding ring to lead the sheet aft & then to hand, which I provided. It needs decent oars (it had none; I have provided clumsy ones.) Finally I'd want a trailer for it. The one in photo has another job. I painted the topsides which were pink and green. I think I deserve a reward for discovery & resurrection of a charming classic, amateurishly well-built. \$775.

MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624 6398. (12)



**Adirondack Guide Boat**, black hull, cherry trim, sliding & stationary seats. Custom fitted trlr. Custom boat cover. All in exc cond. \$3,800. Located in Kentucky. To see more photos go to [saslyter.com](http://saslyter.com). STEVEN SLYTER, (502) 479-9200, [steven@saslyter.com](mailto:steven@saslyter.com) (12)

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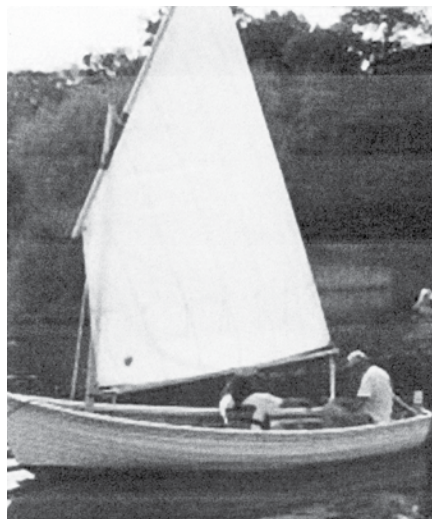
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**13' ADK Guideboat**, ribs laminated spruce, pine planking, cherry trim, cherry oars, yoke, paddle, floor rack. Inside natural, outside blue.  
DONALD GILLESPIE, Adams Cntr, NY, LMSG-315-232-9616. (12)



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**12-1/2' Sunshine Wooden Dinghy**, sailing or rowing. Epoxy glued lapstrake okoume mahogany plywood construction. Full length canvas rub rail. Sails sewn by Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails. Custom alumin trlr by Trailex. Lightly used. Built by Labrie Small Craft of Maine. \$4,500. (203) 637-9700. (11)

**16' Sprit Rigged Dobler Utility Skiff**, featured in *Low Resistance Boats* by Thomas Firth Jones. Jones wrote in his book that "She was the best compromise I've ever seen of the conflicting needs of sail, power, and oar..." She was built stitch & glue with okoume plywood, epoxy & bronze fastenings/fitings. Propulsion is by a custom tanbark sail from Dabbler Sails, oars by Shaw and Tenney & an electric motor w/battery. She comes w/2 rudders (1 tilt-up), dagger board, varnished fir spars, 2 sets of oarlocks, depth sounder & galv trlr w/ recently purchased wheels/tires. 1st place winner in the Contemporary Construction category at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in 2006, the year she was built. If interested email for a video of the boat. Delivery in the northeast can be arranged. \$1,950.

JACK MIZRAHI, West Chester, PA, (610) 655-7373, [jjmizrahi@gmail.com](mailto:jjmizrahi@gmail.com) (11)

**LFH-17 17' Rowing Skiff**, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff, built by Najjar. Glued lap ply & completely epoxy encapsulated. Sliding seat & fixed seat. Spoon blade oars. Removable caned passenger seat. \$4,000 or trade for 12' ultra-light solo Packboat  
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**Scamp**, John Welsford design, lugsail rigged 11'-11" microcruiser. Okoume lapstrake construction, jiffy reefing, lazy jacks, galvanized trlr, 2-piece oars, boarding ladder. Exc cond. \$7500.  
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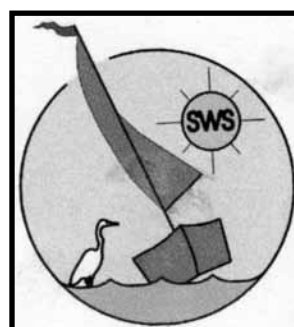
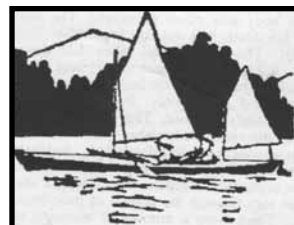
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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher



## Editor Bob's Excellent (Virtual) Adventures

Concerned by the Editor's lack of paddling adventures during the past season (due to unanticipated circumstances), friend Harvey (a photo wizard) undertook to create for me (using the magic of Photoshop) a series of images illustrating what I might have missed out on. Here they are, inspiration for winter dreaming of the coming year.



Urban adventuring on Boston's Charles River by day.



Urban adventuring on Boston's Charles River by night.



Laid back paddling off Gloucester's Pebble Beach.

Surfing on Magnolia's rugged shore, the kayak is, after all, a Wilderness Systems Tsunami.



On a collision course in Salem Harbor.



Storm clouds gathering over Salem Sound



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Safe harbor reached at Winter Island as lighting misses its mark!



# Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

**Meanwhile, down at the yacht club...**



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